

THE AMOROUS
Convert.

Being a True
RELATION
Of what happened in
HOLLAND.

LICENSED,
Octob. 19.
1678. Ro. L'Estrange.

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THE AMOROUS
Convert.

ONE of the Prince of
Orange's Officers, that,
by reason of his Post and
courage, was one of
the last that endeavoured to save
himself from the fury of the Wa-
ters, which the People of *Amster-*
dam had let loose on their own
Amy, had curiosity enough, in
the midst of danger, to take up
something that floated by his side
on the top of the Stream. As
soon as he had recovered dry
ground, he saw 'twas a Ball of
Wax that seem'd to have some-
B thing

thing in it; and having pull'd it
 asunder, he found a Paper with
 these Words written in great Let-
 ters, *If this Note fall into the
 Hands of a Gentleman of Merit,
 I conjure him, in the name of Love
 and Glory, to come and rescue a
 Person from misery, that perhaps he
 will not think unworthy of a better
 Fortune.* A little lower in less Cha-
 racters was added: *If he accept
 this offer, let him come next Friday,
 at Four of the Clock in the After-
 noon, to the Door of the Synagogue
 of Amsterdam, with a green Rib-
 band in his Hat.* This was writ-
 ten both in *French* and *Low Dutch*:
 but the Address, to a *Gentleman of
 Merit*, was very general, for hardly
 in the whole Army, could it have
 light upon one that would not
 have given himself that Title; so
 natural is it to Men, if they have
 really good qualities, to be the first
 in perceiving them, and if they
 have

have not, in usurping them. But, by good fortune, the direction of this Note was fitted for the Person that found it, and it could not easily have met in any other, all that which goes to the making a Gallant Man, Though he was sufficiently used to Adventures, yet he was surprized with the odness of this, the place of Rendezvous, as well as all things else, seeming extraordinary. After, having mused on it a while, he let the Troops pass, and followed by none but his Man, he took the way to *Mayden*, a little Town three Leagues from *Amsterdam*. The weariness of his Journey was not sufficient to give him a sound Sleep, which was broke three or four times with the violent working of his Spirits, which were the more inflamed by the constant representation of the same Image, Three or Four times one after another. *However it be*, said

he still as he waked, *if she be as fair as she appears in my Dream, I shall not repent my pains.* For you must know he was only concern'd for her Beauty, making no question of *his own success*; for his own nature, being a *Frenchman*, and his good fortune in a great many Intrigues, had given him so good an opinion of himself, that he doubted not the Lady, whether she were *Dutch* or *French*, would not fail to be equally taken with his Wit and good Meen.

He was of the Family of *Lusignan*, that is considerable enough in *Zaintonge* and *Poitou*. He was known by the name of *Villeneuve*, a small Lordship that belonged to the younger Brothers of that Family; the Alliance that he had with the Marquess of *Boulaye* had drawn him into the Civil Wars of *France*, where he had behaved himself very bravely for a Man of two
and

and twenty. But the Loyalty that was in his nature making him repent his bearing Arms against his own King, after the second Bannicades of *Paris*, he retired, with some others, first to *Bruxells*, and then into *Holland*, that then was called the retreat of brave Men that voluntarily banished themselves their own Country.

His merit was quickly known, and the Prince of *Orange*, who was extreme happy in finding out the good Qualities of worthy Men and generous in rewarding them, gave this Gentleman a Company in the Regiment of *Hautervie*. You need not question, that having spent all his Youth in War, he knew not perfectly the Duty and Office of a Souldier; but, besides that, he had a great facility in speaking Languages, and writ so well in Prose and Verse, that a great many Sparks, who take a glory in their

ignorance, found fault with his Learning, and said, he wrote too well for a Gentleman. But the Ladies were not of that Opinion, and there was hardly one of them, either of the Princess of *Orange's* Court, or the Queen of *Bohemia's*, that would not have paid one of his Letters willingly with one of their own. And indeed he was so liberal, discreet, and complaisant, that he could not fail of gaining very much on the Sex. Besides, his Air, his Shape, and his Hair, which he wore of his own, made a certain mixture that touched at first sight. With all this he had as much courage as he ought, which helpt to bring him off with honour from many an Engagement which his good Meen had occasioned.

After a considerable stay at the *Hague*, he had invitations to go to *Stockholme*, where the Queen of *Suede* was well pleased to welcome
Men

Men of his Character ; and having resolv'd to take that Journey with two of his Friends, *La Chastre* and *Persans*, he went to take leave of the Prince, who freely gave it him, only desiring his company for two or three days, which was when the Army appeared before *Amsterdam*, where he met with that extraordinary Note, in so extraordinary a manner.

After having passed the Night as unquietly as he did, he got up early in the Morning to pursue his Journey to *Amsterdam*. But, said he to himself, *why so much haste? Perhaps this Note came only from some id'e Hand, that had no other design than to abuse him that should find it. And shall I not look very stilly, to make a serious business of anothers Impertinence. But on the other side, I have told no body of it, and therefore am in no danger to be laugh'd at. And had I not found*

this Note, I must have gone to Amsterdam however, to have found shipping for Stockholme.

And above all, there was a secret force that led him to believe, that something extraordinary and real would arrive to him out of this adventure, and as if he had been already assur'd of the truth of his own imaginations, he began seriously to contrive how he should convey a Person that Heaven and his own Fancy conspired to give him. He read the Note again, and staying on these words, *Rescue a Person from misery: Without doubt,* says he, 'tis some young and rich woman that is going to be married against her will; and that having a noble mind, chooses rather to marry a Gentleman that she does not know, than some poor conditioned Merchant that she does both know, despise, and hate. Ten thousand Pound in Gold will do me no great hurt, and may
be

be easily enough convey'd away.

The difference of our Quality shall never hinder me from so advantageous a Fortune; and to speak the truth, why should we undervalue Merchants, when all our life is nothing else but a different sort of Commerce; and we that have Nobility ought to truck it with those that have Money, thereby supplying each others wants. Is there not enough examples of this at the Hague, where Aumale has married the Daughter of a Burgomaster of Leyden, Mombas the Daughter of Grotius, and de Brét had wit enough to advance his Fortunes the same way. At this rate did he entertain himself, as if the Lady and the Money were both in his hand, and this was the effect of his humour that never presented him but with pleasing Ideas.

The only thing that troubled him was the place of Assignment.

why before the Door of the Synagogue? Is she a Jew, if she be, I have done with her, for I have no great fancy for that People. With these sort of thoughts he came to *Amsterdam*, and lodg'd himself in a by Quarter of the Town, to shun the meeting with his acquaintance. He had been often in that great City, which is as well worth seeing as any in the World. One may very well say that all *Holland* is a Miracle of Art, where nature designed nothing; and that it has made the refuse of the Sea more considerable, than almost all the Land of *Europe*. The wonderful diligence of the People first provided against the power of the Ocean, by stupendious works, and then took care to adorn their acquisition with all the beauties imaginable: For, above Forty Miles together there is nothing to be seen but the finest Scene in the whole World;

for

for so one may justly call all that green Country, filled with Houses, neatly built, and delicately painted.

I must confess that *Saumaïse* made another discription of *Holland*; when he said 'twas the Country from whence the four Elements were banished; and where the Idol of Gold, crowned with Tobacco, sits enthroned upon a Cheese. And this unlucky Picture is something like the Original, for in all that Province so famous, the Earth brings forth no Fruit, the Water is not to be drunk, and the Air is as thick as Smoak, and as heavy as a Fog, and the Fire stinks so cruelly, that they are forced to inclose it in Stoves. And Cheese (mixed with dry Fish) is the chiefest part of their subsistence, as Tobacco is of their diversion: And Gold, which has every where the supreme Authority, did then govern there

there so absolutely ; that one would have thought *Pern* had there emptied all its Treasure, Which had, nevertheless, its chief Seat at *Amsterdam*, which exceeds all others in Beauty and Pride ; and passes, according to the judgment of best Travellers, the Cities of *Italy*, in Circuit, Magnificence, and Regularity. In a word, without mentioning the particular Streets, that by their neatness, and uniform proportion, give a surprizing pleasure ; one can hardly believe the number and splendor of their publick Buildings ; among which the State-house passes for one of the wonders of the World. The very Hospitals themselves, exceeding, in riches and finess, the Buildings of most other places, of which there are Ten for the succour of several sorts of Humane misfortunes, which equally shew both Charity and Plenty.

And

And to make the wonder the greater, several such Structures have been the work of private Persons. Very lately a Merchant that had gain'd, in the *Levant*, a vast Estate, returning to *Amsterdam*, offered two Tun of Gold to found an Hospital, to maintain several sort of Animals that could no longer be of any use. He had seen that extravagant sort of Charity practised among the *Indians*, where almost in every Town you see a publick House to receive aged Horses, sick Dogs, and other sort of afflicted Animals with a singular Humanity. Those poor People use that Hospitality out of a Superstition, believing that the Souls of Men pass into the Bodies of Beasts, and so some of them think, that in taking care of a sick Camel, they may chance to tend their Grandfather. Perhaps our good *Hollander* might have some such fancy

fancy in his head, and on that score the Magistrates of *Amsterdam* would not admit of such an Hospital.

There is a thousand things fit to amuse Persons Curiosity, but there is nothing more surprizing than that part of the City called, *The Emperour's Canal*, which is thrice as long as that of *St. James's Park*. The Water that runs in the middle is so clear, and kept so high, that almost all day 'tis covered with little Boats painted and gilded, that sail there for pleasure, or carriage. There the greatest heats of the day are never troublesome, because the rows of great Trees, planted in order on each side, with one half of their Boughs, shadow the Canal, and with the other afford a most pleasing shade to the walk on the Key. These Trees as thick and shady as they are, do not hinder the Eye from delighting it self with the mag-

magnificence of the Houses that are built on each side of the Canal. In other places, where all things are complemented into fine names, those Houses should be called Palaces ; which name they better deserve , then most Structures that have it. They have not their entrance even with the Street, but by an ascent of several steps of Marble, bordered with a Balustrade of Iron gilded. The Eye alone has not its satisfaction, but there are Charms proper for the Ear too, an infinity of Birds making a sweet and natural consort, from all the boughs of those Trees, that are planted on that lovely Canal.

If any thing could have diverted *Villeneuve* from the entertainment his amorous thoughts gave him, it would have been so pleasing an employment as that of viewing these Rarities ; but he had his Heart so set on seeing the subject

ject of his impatience, that he cared for seeing nothing else.

At last the day of appointment being come, he dressed himself as well as he could, not forgetting the green Ribband, and walked towards the Synagogue. The Door was open, but as yet he saw no Body there, but some Men who were setting up Tents very finely made, that were ranged from the top of the Synagogue to the bottom, almost as the Beds of an Hospital; as he was looking upon them, one of the Workmen, that lov'd to hear himself talk, told him that those Tents were set up for a Feast, which the Jews keep every year in the beginning of September, called, *The Feast of Tabernacles*: The truth is, continued he, to have the Ceremony exact, these Tents should be set up in the Fields, and so we observe it in Asia and Africa, where we are allowed a greater liberty than here,
and

and that is more suitable to our design, which is to keep in memory the life our Fathers led in the wilderness for forty years together, where they had no Lodging, but a kind of Tabernacles like these Tents we now set up. But here in Europe, where we do not enjoy so much liberty, we cannot perform this solemnity with that Purity and State we could wish; though we have lately offered a considerable sum to the Magistrates here for obtaining the liberty we desire. The worst of it is, that being obliged to leave our houses for a whole week to pass it here, we are forced to eat, and drink, and sleep in the same place where we assemble for our devotions, which is very inconvenient. And must all Persons of each Family be assistant at this Ceremony, said Villeneuve. No, Sir, said he, and, we have ordered now, because of the hot weather, and littleness of the place, that there

there shall come but one of a Family:
 and having said that the Ceremo-
 ny would not begin yet a good
 while, our Adventurer went a-
 way full of new hopes. *She'll lye*
alone, said he, *and will have much*
greater freedom this eight days of
the Fast, than she could have at any
other time; I see she has wit to chuse
her time, and order her designs.
 With these fancies in his head he
 went away a little longer than he
 should, for when he came back he
 saw the Ceremony was begun: But
 he was strangely confounded,
 when, before the Door of the Syna-
 gogue, he met two Gentlemen of
 his own Country and acquaintance,
 who had been in the Army before
Amsterdam as well as he, and who
 he thought had been returned, as
 the Army was, into the several
 Garrisons. They had both more
 green Ribband than he himself,
 one had nothing else but green in
 his

his Hat, and the other had a trimming all of the same colour. All three fell a laughing at one another, and Villeneuve cryed out, *'Tis the same design that has brought us all hither.* With that the other two confessed the truth, and each of them produced their Notes, all writ with the same hand, and containing the very same words. *In troth,* says Villeneuve, *we may call this fishing for Gallants, for we were all in the water when we were biting at these Notes.* And so burst out a laughing, maintaining however that he was not made so great a Fool as they, because he was come to *Amsterdam* to embarque for *Sueden*, whereas they had come thither only to be laughed at. The truth is, it was pleasant enough to see three *French* Gentlemen all dress'd up in green, entertaining themselves at the Door of a Synagogue with a design upon some of the Daughters
of

of *Abraham*; and they were so sensible themselves of being exposed, that they agreed among themselves never to speak one word of it.

In the mean time the Ceremony was begun, and being at it, they resolved to satisfy their curiosity and see it, before they went to sup together. The Women were all on one side covered with great Mantles, that hid all their shape, and they held in their hand Branches of Trees, as well as the Men, who were placed over against them; so that all the place was full of green, which made some mystery in their Religion. *For ought I see*, says one of our Sparks, *green makes a piece of the Ceremony, and when we were ordered to put it in our Hats, we were treated like Profelyte Jews.* Whiles he was talking, *Villeneuve*, who still had a strong fancy of some real adventure,

ture, turned his Eyes on all sides ; and he perceived a Woman, covered with her Mantle, left her place, and, with a languishing Air, went into one of the Tents, where another Woman followed her ; but he had not observed that the other, which was her Woman, had before softly pulled her by the Mantle, which had made her counterfeit a little indisposition to leave her place. *Madam*, says she, *there are Three with green Ribband, and therefore I thought fit to ask you what I should do.* The Lady having thought a little, at last took the end of a piece of Parchment, that was interwoven up and down on her Garments, according to the Jewish Custome, and after having done something with a little Bodkin she pulled out of her Head, *Here*, says she, *give this to one of them so neatly, that the others may not see you.* But to which of them, *Madam?*

Madam? To him that has the best Meen, says she; But because thy judgment, it may be, will be different from mine, go about them, and having well marked them, bring me word what thou thinkest of them. She came back presently, and told her, Oh, Madam, one cannot mistake: There is one so extraordinary, who is as handsome for a Man, as you are for a Woman. Perhaps for all that, said she laughing, you may be deceived, for there be a many of those handsome Men, who are great Cheats. However, they resolved the handsomest should have it, which the good Woman could not have so well executed, if Villeneuve had not plaid his part. For seeing the Woman fig'd about as she did, he imagined there was something in the Wind, and as she came by him, he let fall his Handkerchief, which she took up and gave him with a great deal of civility.

The

The Ceremony lasted not long, for it consisted chiefly in bowing of themselves towards the East, where *Jerusalem* is scituated, and in singing the 113. *Psalm*, waving up and down the Branches they held in their Hands. After the Ceremony was over, the Three Cavaliers passed the Evening together, though *Villeneuve* was impatient till he had seen what 'twas that he thought he felt in his Handkerchief : 'Twas very late before he could satisfie his curiosity, and at last he found 'twas a bit of Parchment ; where he saw nothing but Characters that he did not understand, that were writ on the sides of it. *They laugh at me*, says he, flinging down his Parchment, *to write me Love Letters in Hebrew : do I look so like a Rabbin, that they think I understand their Language?* However, being loath to give over his hopes, he fancied there was
some

some mistake, and that he should see more of it the next day.

To consider the matter right, one could not judge very well of a Note sent so uncertain a way, and of so odd a kind, of an assignation given at the Door of the Synagogue, and of a concern that made an interruption in the solemnest act of Divine Worship. There was in all this a certain Air of Intrigue, and Face of Gallantry, on which the greatest goodness in the World could not put a favourable construction. But appearances are false, as they were here, where all this idle and vain romantick shew did cover a very good intention, and a very laudible design.

The Night being spent, *Ville-neufe* again looked on his Parchment; and all the while his Man was dressing him, did nothing but turn it up and down, and at last perceived some Letters marked with-

without Ink on the side where nothing was writ, *To Morrow at the same hour again. With all my heart,* says he, *though there were a thousand dangers in the way. Damaiest,* said he to his Man, *thou laughest, but for all that, here is a business will stop our Journey to Sueden.* For he no longer doubted, but in the progress of such an Adventure, he should find engagements sufficient to detain him. And being in this mind, he wrote to his Friends, *La Chastre* and *Persans*, to excuse himself from going with them, as he had promised, to *Stockholm*, without giving them any account of the true reason of his stay. After having sent away these Letters, he made haste to his assignation the second time, where he found the Bearer of the Parchment, who, without looking on him, bid him follow her at a distance, and go into the house after
C her.

her. He obeyed exactly, and after, having passed several Streets, he saw his Guide open a little Door; he went in after her, into a little Room, pretty neat; where he found himself alone with a Woman who was about Five and Fifty, dressed like a Citizens Wife. *Here, Sir, said she, is a glorious Fortune, enough to make the Paradise of a Prince. I am much obliged to you,* said Villeeneuve, *but when shall I know the Person that is to make my happiness. There is time enough for that,* said she, *and in the beginning of the Night——* what do you mean, says he, *by the beginning of the Night, 'tis now but four of the Clock; if you make me stay so long, you'll find me dead. we'll prevent that,* I warrant you, says she, laughing, *here is wine, and Sweetmeats, and if you have a mind to read, there are Books for you, for I provided for you, that you might*
not

not be tired with being alone.

Villeneuve seeing her gone, *what a-do is here*, said he? *what is this to raise my desires by greater expectation?* Then looking on the Bottles of Wine, *I am treated here right according to the custom of the Country*; imagining I cannot be uneasy, as long as I have the Bottle by me. Then looking upon the Books, he found they were the Tomes of *Astrea* and *Polexandre*, and that on the first Leaves there was writ, *Josebeth*. With that he assur'd himself he had found the name of his Mistress. *These Books*, said he, *are not very proper for an old woman*; *They are Josebeth's*, said he, *and 'tis like the name of a Maid, as I wished in my soul she would be.*

And now the Night came on, and there being no Moon, it was extreme dark, the only thing that could draw *Villeneuve* from his so-

litude. His Guide then being come
 to take him, she carried him three
 or four Houses farther, where they
 found a back door open, which let
 them into a little Garden, out of
 which our *Frenchman* was led into
 an Apartment where he was locked
 in. The Cieling, that was richly gilt,
 made it self be seen in the Floor;
 which being paved with polished
 Marble in Squares, of black and
 white, shined all over like a Glass,
 except in that part where there
 was a *Turky* Carpet laid under a
 little Summer Bed of green Sattin,
 lightly embroidered with Silver,
 with a Furniture of the same, rich
 enough for the Season. There it
 was that *Villeneuve*, as stout as he
 was, began to have his Heart beat;
 and though he had passed dangers
 enough in his life, in none of them
 had he ever felt such emotions as he
 did now. And he had reason enough,
 for never did there any thing pre-
 sent

sent it self to his Eyes, that struck them and his Heart so much, as a Person that he saw enter the Room at a Door over against him. She had on a Simarr of Cloth of Gold, tucked up on each side with a great bunch of Cherry-colour Ribband, and under it a Petticoat of so fine a gare, that discovered all the shape of her Legs and Knees: About her Neck another sort of light gare folded together like the *Venetian* Women, that hung over her Breast, but left open its gentle rising as she breathed, enough to have kindled flame in a *Stoick*: Behind her Head, her Hair bound up with Pearl in great foldings, and falling down on the sides in curls, of the loveliest black in the World, which yet was not necessary to set off her complexion; the whiteness of her Skin being of a kind to dazle any Eye that beheld it.

Her Eyes alone, without any

other help, had but too much power to dazle an Admirer; for they had so much Fire, but so soft and gentle a Fire, that with the briskness of black Eyes, for so they were, there sparkled too all that which the gray Eyes use to have, that's tender and moving. You may best guess what *Josebeth* was, when all the Women that saw and envied her Beauty, yet could find no fault in it; but that her mouth was rather too wide; but that fault was very necessary, because without it, one could not have seen the delicatest Teeth that ever were. With all this, a certain air of youth, that hung about her, and a way and port that would have covered any faults her Person could have had, rendred her a most accomplished Creature. And this *Villeneuve* found by experience to be true, for at the instant that he saw her, he ran to fling himself at her Feet, with-

without being able to say one word, but, *Oh Madam* ; which he repeated two or three times like a Man possessed, and so staid a great while with his mouth fastned on her hand, which the beautiful Vision had reached out to take him up. *Something must be allowed*, said she, smiling, *for the transports of a surprise, but you must not expect to be used always at this rate* : And then having obliged him to rise, they began a Conversation so full of wit, and to have a reciprocal esteem so great, as made them wish they two had only been made for one another.

The meeting of an inclination so strong and sudden, kept them not from having a Quarrel in the beginning of their acquaintance: For *Villeneuve*, either willing to shew his wit, or else out of a braver concern which a strong passion does often raise, looking very

gravely, *And what, Madam, will you say, if the first time I see you, I should take the confidence to pick a quarrel with you, with good appearance of reason? I should say, answered she disdainfully, and pulling back her Hand, that you were very ungrateful, and gathering from thence a belief of your ill nature and ingratitude for any further favour I might shew you, 'tis very likely I should presently put an end to our story.*

But, Madam, suppose my complaint should only come from an excess of esteem? You might then make it, said she, with a great deal of assurance, and pray let us know what it is. Thereupon he confessed he was really vexed she had sent so many several Notes a swimming, considering that thereby he had been in danger to have lost her; if any other that had found them, had had better fortune than
he

he in coming first to the Door of the Synagogue. Truly, says she, you are very pleasant, and how should I have sent out one to you, whom I never saw? but methinks you should rather be pleased with the success, which has given me occasion to prefer you by my own choice to two others that had the same fortune at first with your self; and therefore I must come back to my first opinion, that you are a little apt to be ungrateful. Villeneuve had not great difficulty to appease this little anger, and afterwards asked of her with great passion, what he should do to make her happiness, as she had intimated in her Note. You are little too hasty, said Josebeth blushing, we do not yet know one another enough to explain that mystery. Ah, Madam, says he, quite transported, I do not so much as know whether you are already in the power of another Man? Solomonne, said she, that

brought you hither, will inform you of my concerns ; take notice of her House, and come thither Monday towards the Evening, where she will fully instruct you, and afterwards bring you hither in the beginning of the Night. Villeneuve again threw himself at her feet, and Josepheth holding down her head to take him up, inclined it a little towards his, with which he was so transported, that he cryed out, *Oh, why does not all the world know my good Fortune ; and why may not I cry out, I have seen her, I have seen her, I have seen her.* No more of this, said she, a little troubled, and very serious, *though you are a Frenchman, remember you are not in France, and therefore pray no crying out of your Victory.* That little heat of joy scaped from Villeneuve against his will, and without design ; for though he was a Frenchman, yet in that he differed from
most

most of his Nation, being most perfectly discreet; and thence he took occasion to make a thousand Vows both of his Secresie and Faith; to which she gave a ready belief, because she had no mind to doubt them. As he was going away, he would have left some Tokens of his liberality with *Solomonne*, but she refused them with some kind of disdain. Though it were a good way from thence to his own Lodging, yet he was at home before he thought of it; so much was he taken up with his own Reflections, among which he had some that he could not well reconcile. He saw plainly enough that *Josebeth* was married, and that being, he could not comprehend how she had put honour into her Note she had sent upon the Water. On the other side, if it were only an amorous Intrigue, without other design than that of pleasure,

sure, why had she not made use of the first occasion that was so favourable to satisfy it.

To think she was in a confusion, because of the odness and newness of the Adventure, was ridiculous, for 'twas an appointment of her own making, and of which she was absolutely the Mistress. Amidst all these doubts there was one thing sure enough, and that was the merit of *Josabeth*; which he preferred to all that ever he had known, even to young *Riparda*, that was then the handsomest Person at the *Hague*, and now is Countess of *Caravas*. Being so taken with the Qualities of the lovely *Josabeth*, he expected impatiently to have a full account of all her concerns; and being come to his Lodgings, he made a resolution, which he had never done before, to go through all difficulties for the obtaining of *Josabeth*. Who, for her part, was as much pleased with

with him, as he could be with her. *Fortune*, said she, *has done more for me than wisdom*; and thereupon she applauded her own fancy, which gave her more satisfaction in one hour, than all the wise counsels of her Friends had given her in all her life: The only trouble she had, was caused by her fear that *Villeneuve*, for whom she already had felt so great a kindness, might abate in the eagerness of his desires, when he came to know her story: But, *sure that cannot be*, said she, *he appears generous, and there is nothing in my story, that can occasion anything but pity*. So that she would not recall the orders she had given *Solomon* to tell her life to *Villeneuve*. Who being ready at the hour appointed: *You shall know all our Affairs*, said she, *and judge by that if we have a Friendship for you or no*. Our *Mistress*, being you will have it so, was born at Metz in Lorraine, two and twenty years ago, her Fa-
ther

ther was one of the richest Men of
 that City, and of that sort that live
 upon the income of their Rents.
 Though he made an outward profes-
 sion of Christianity, yet in his heart
 he was a Jew, being descended of
 the Tribe of Benjamin, as well as
 his wife. She left him Widdower
 when he was but young, without any
 Child but the little Josebeth, who,
 though she were but six years old,
 was admired by all the world. I
 had been her Nurse, and her Fa-
 ther was pleased to trust me so far as
 to make me her Governess, and
 to take the care of his House,
 to which I agreed, against the advice
 of my Friends, that I might be
 near a Child for whom I had so great
 a love. She passed for a Christian,
 as well as her Father, and the bet-
 ter to colour the business, she was
 called Mary, and not Josebeth,
 which was the name her Mother
 had ordered should be given her
 when she was grown up. She had
 not

not been taught any thing of Jewish Religion; in which I durst not instruct her, for fear, lest the innocence and simplicity of a Child might reveal the secret of the Family, which was extremely zealous for the Law of Moses. It had been considerable at Rome, and chose rather to leave that City, than either to go to Mass, or else to wear a Hat covered with Yellow, as Paul the Fourth ordained all those of our Religion should do, both as a distinction and a disgrace. The zeal of the Family was not at all diminished in our Master, who forbore to give his Daughter a Jewish Education, only out of a belief he had, that a Husband of his own Religion would easily bring her back to it. In the mean time the poor man found himself decay every day, and therefore was very solicitous to provide a Husband for his Daughter, lest his death might prevent the design he had

had of marrying her to a Jew. He wrote therefore to a Friend of his own Tribe at Amsterdam, offering him his Daughter and twenty thousand Pounds for her Portion. The young Jewish Hollander came a wooing, the Match was concluded, and Josepheth married before she was full fifteen years old. Within three Months the Father dyed, and we left Metz to come hither.

And here the good Nurse stood still to cry, and Villeneuve took that occasion to ask her wherein was the unhappiness of Josepheth: Has she an ill Husband, does he not use her well? But Solomonne, who had no mind to have her discourse broke off, presently wiped her Eyes, and thus continued it. Her Husband, whose name is Wanbergue, denies her nothing, is handsome, is not above thirty years old, and has a very great Fortune, being one of those rich Merchants who are
more

more considerable than Lords, and
 send little Fleets to trade on their
 own account. His Father, with a-
 nother Merchant, undertook to make
 war with a King; let me see, I think
 it was the King of Denmark, about
 the Interest of Trade, and would
 have carried it on themselves, had
 not the States forbid them. The
 Son is as rich as the Father, and
 you may see that he denies his wife
 nothing, nothing that she can have
 either for her own Person, or the fur-
 nishing her House. Has she no Gal-
 lant, said Villeneuve. None, said
 the Nurse, and for seven years that
 we have been in this City, I do not
 think she has spoke four times to any
 one Man, except it be Rabby Ma-
 nassas. 'Tis not that her Husband
 is jealous, neither indeed has he the
 least cause; but she has particular
 reasons that keep her from entering
 into any amorous Engagements. And
 what are those, says our Hero, a
 little

little quicker than before? 'Tis in respect of the Jews, for whom Josebeth has an invincible aversion, which I think she took in her first Education. And for the Christians, they are all here given to drink, and when they have took a Cup, they tell all they know, and more too. But after all, My dear Friend, said Villeneuve in a cajoling way, let us come to the point, that I may know wherein consists the misfortune of lovely Josebeth, and wherein I may serve her.

For that, says Solomoune, I know nothing; neither have I any commission to say any more. In hopes to draw out the rest, he looked very kindly upon her, and stole into her hand a piece of Gold, to the value of ten Pound; but 'twas in vain, for he could get nothing out of her, but praises of her Mistresses wit and sweet nature. This discourse raised in Villeneuve a great

great esteem for his Mistress, for he could not but think she was a Woman of extraordinary merit, being her Servant said nothing to her disadvantage. The truth is, she had ordered her Nurse to say no more, and had kept to her self her own design in reserve, to see if *Villeneuve* should deserve a greater confidence. But 'tis also true, that the Nurse had left out a great part of *Josebeth's* Character, which was too delicate for such a Woman to distinguish. And that was a strange fancy for Romances, which had made extraordinary impressions upon her, from her very Child-hood.

Another sort of Man, than her Husband, would easily have cured her of this Childishness, which filled her so much with the humour of Adventures, and the pleasure of extraordinary accidents, that she used to say, there was nothing so
dull

dull as a plain life, without the mixture of something singular to embellish it. And this conceit would sometimes be so strong, that when she considered the heavy City-life she led, she was ready to seek another to divert her. *What a wretched thing is it, would she say, to do and see the same things for a year together, from morning to night the same course, so one a hundred Mile off, might know every hour in the day what I am doing. This is to be buried alive.*

All People have some weakness, or other, and this was *Josebeth's*; but there are few Women that have in recompence so many other good qualities as she had. Her youth contributed to the keeping up this humour, as well as that dull life she lead; but this fault was not without cure, and had Heaven blessed her in a suitable Husband, it would have settled her Mind, and
made

made her one of the finest Women in the World. Being of this humour, it was impossible that she should not come to have a great indifference for her Husband; and he on his side was very well pleased with any thing that kept him from paying the marks of his kindness to such a Wife: So that by degrees, she came almost to an intire liberty and disposal of her self; which yet only consisted in lying alone, and in having what Cloaths and Furniture she had a mind to: For in all things else, *Josebeth* lived with the same discretion as the other *Jewish* Women do: She never went abroad, but her Face was covered: When *wanbergue* had Company at home, she never appeared; and no Man, but *Manassas*, was permitted to come into her Apartment. And in this she was so exact, that though *Annibal Sestede*, the *Danish* Ambassadour, did what he could, in a visit

visit he made to *wanbergue*; about
 the State of Trade, to see her, it
 was to no purpose. This way of
 living infinitely pleased *Villeneuve*,
 to see himself enjoy a happiness
 that other Men only wished for;
 and for which he was so impatient,
 that he pressed *Solomonne* to conduct
 him to *Josebeth* without any delay.
 He found that charming Woman
 sitting upon a Bed of green Vel-
 vet, and though the Wax-lights,
 that were at the other end of the
 Room, sent but a little light to
 that side, yet he plainly saw that
 she looked better, and was better
 dressed, than the first time that he
 saw her. *well, Sir*, said she, giv-
 ing him a Chair to sit down, *have*
you the same thoughts of poor Jose-
beth, now that you know her Story,
which you had before? To which
 question he only answered with
 new adorations; and then added,
Solomonne has left out, Madam, an
essen-

essential part of your story, and that is, wherein you were unhappy; and to learn it she has sent me back to you. The truth is, said she very seriously, and with a deep sigh, that is a secret which I have kept for my self, and I pray God I may find that you deserve to be trusted with it.

Our lovely *Josebeth*, that with a Childishness endeavour'd to satisfy her Romantick humour in any thing that did not appear to the World, had put on that day fine Buskins after the old *Roman* way, that so upon occasion she might in part of her dressing appear like some of the *Heroines*. They were made of *Spanish* perfumed Leather, of Musk-colour, cut upon Gold, laced up half way her Leg with Scarlet Ribband, which made several knots above the small of her Leg, where a Silk Stocking of the same colour began to appear. When *Villeneuve* saw that
antick

antick fancy, he could not forbear laughing; with which *Josebeth* was so offended, that rising briskly off the Bed, she said to him, *Oh, Sir, do you laugh, you are very far from what you think, I assure you.*

Villeneuve was almost mad at this unlucky accident, and did all he could to bring her back from a Chair where she sat very angry. He threw himself at her Feet, to swear he only laughed out of the joy he had, to see his happiness so far advanced. *Just so I thought,* said she, *and it sufficiently vexes me to find the Man, that I thought Fate had sent me on purpose, should be just like other Men, who, for all their Gallantry, do in their hearts laugh at the Women who have folly enough to shew them favour.*

Madam, says he, *for Heavens sake be so just, as to make a difference betwixt me and those Monsters,*
and

and attribute my mirth only to the thoughts of my pleasure. 'Tis too much gayety, said Josebeth, and in an affair of that consequence, seriousness looks a great deal better. With much ado he appeased her, so that at last she told him, playing with his Hair: I confess, I am extreme unfortunate, and you may make my happiness, but then it must only be in the ways of Honour.

The ways of Honour, Madam? why, what does that mean, you are in the power of another Man, who in all likelihood will live as long as I. I know very well what I say, says Josebeth, and that I may be yours, without wronging my Conscience, by an easie and handsome way, which I will tell you, if I find that you are worthy of my Love. In a word, 'tis only in prospect of this design, I ran the venture of that Note which brought you hither, and do not deceive your self with any other imagination.

D

gination. Our Frenchman saw himself cruelly disappointed of his hopes, and thought himself the only unfortunate Man, to whom ever happened such an odd adventure.

On the other side, the force and solidity of *Josebeth's* Reason appeared more and more; and taking our melancholly Lover by the Hand; *we will love one another*, said she; *eternally*, and 'tis for that end that I will never grant you any thing that shall hinder us from so doing. At that word *Villeneuve* swore a thousand Oaths, that the goodness she should shew could never hinder him from loving her for ever; but on the contrary would enflame him more, by adding gratitude to love. No, no, said she, you deceive your self; but were it true, that you should afterwards love me the more, you would only thereby be the more miserable, for I should

should hate the sight of you, and fly from you like Death. Oh, Madam, said Villeneuve, what reason could you have to use me so cruelly, after having used me so kindly. Any woman, of wit and Honour, would do so as well as I; having a horror for those Lovers who make them reflect on their own shame. For you must know to what excess of Love soever a woman may be carried, she still would keep her reputation; and many times such a woman may shew greater concern for it than another; so that as often as she calls to mind, that in the world there is a Man that can reproach her with such a failing, she cannot think of him but with confusion; but would with all her heart see the only witness of her shame destroyed, that so she might remain the sole possessor of a secret, which, if it were possible, she would not know her self.

There was so much Reason,
D 2 Sense,

Sense, and Honour in what *Josebeth* said, that *Villeneuve* had nothing to reply, and yet he could not chuse but complain, though he confessed it was to complain of Reason it self. Whereupon the lovely *Josebeth*, smiling upon him, and believing that in his heart he did her justice, told him, *I find you now so reasonable, that from this minute I take you into my service, and as I am very just in my nature, you need not fear being turned off. And to shew you that I will allow you all that I can in decency, I will not go to morrow Night to the Tents of the Synagogue, though my Husband has desired me to pass one Night there as well as the rest, but will let him go alone that I may have the more liberty to entertain you here, on condition that you do not demand any thing which I cannot grant. And with this precaution she thought she might permit a great many*

many things to *Villeneuve* innocently enough; which she the rather did, because the design she had was very just; and to carry it on, it was necessary to see him often, that she might the better know him. But, *Madam*, said he, if you must go pass a Night at the Synagogue, your Husband must then go with you. No, says she, he durst not though he had never so great a mind to it, for 'tis not lawful for the Jews to be with their wives these eight days. If it be so, *Madam*, what should hinder me from waiting on you thither, dressed up like a woman, it will be some kind of diversion, and you must have some body there to wait on you. Nay, if that were, said she, I must have two, for I cannot be without *Solomoune*. So 'twas agreed, to the satisfaction of *Josebeth*, that was pleased with the novelty, to think, that never before was there any one so attend-

ed to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. By this you may see what was the humour of *Joseteth*, and therein she did not much differ from other Women, whose Ambition is much greater than the Authority they are allowed. They have so good an Opinion of themselves, that they would, if they could, manage the most important Affairs of State : And seeing that Pleasure is denyed them, they are desirous to shew their power in lesser concerns, and think they have done pretty well, if they are the occasion of any thing extraordinary.

But this design of *Villeneuve* was easie to execute ; he was slender enough in the Waste to pass for a Maid, especially in that Country, where Men are not of the most delicate shape ; and he knew the better, the way and carriage of a Woman, having formerly in a Ballet

let at the *Hague*, been dressed up for the part of a *Sultan*, which he performed very well: So that he resolved to go to *Solomonne's*, and take the Cloaths his Mistress would lend him. However, when he was alone, he did a little blame so extravagant a Gallantry, and made such reflections, as some Men, especially those of his own Nation, use to do when they obtain any thing easily, that they desire ardently. Had he known *Josabeth* better, he would not have entertained such thoughts. But notwithstanding he came to *Solomonne's*, where he found the Cloaths very fit for him, and the old Woman so pleased in putting them on, as was a little troublesome. At last they both went to their Mistress, and from thence all three towards the Synagogue, where they were no sooner entred, but the Rabbin, according to the Custom,

stome, made fast the Doors. It had
 no light but what came from ten
 Lamps, hung at an equal distance
 in the Isle that was betwixt the
 two rows of Tents; so that those
 who passed the Night there could
 use no other light but that which a
 little melancholy Lamp gave them;
 and without opening the Door of
 the Tent they were quite in the
 dark: *Josebeth* and her little Train
 had no great occasion for light,
 which occasioned a little dispute,
 for as *Villeneuve* would fain have
 opened the Door a little to let in
 some light that he might see his
 Mistress, she grew very angry, and
 thought he ought to be satisfied
 with the liberty he had, and be
 quiet; *How now*, says she, *in the*
condition we are in, you can go a-
bout to ask more than you already
have? Yes, Madam, said he, *if I*
did not desire more than I have, I
should be very ridiculous, for as yet I
have

have nothing. He was going on, when there was a great noise that sufficiently frightened them; for it appeared only to be raised on their account. For about Midnight all the Synagogue was alarmed with a confused cry; and at last they learnt the cause, that a *Christian*, in *Womans Cloaths*, was got into the Synagogue, on some ill design, which made them all cry out, and that they should be revenged on such an impious Wretch.

We are found out, said Josebeth, *and I am served well enough for being so impudent.* At which *Vilenceuse* resolved to leave her Tent, to save her from any trouble; and to answer to all their questions, that curiosity only had brought him thither, and if that would not serve, to force his way with a good Pistol he had under his Coat; immediately he went out, the noise increasing more and more, and leaving

leaving *Josebeth's* Tent, he stole along and got into another Tent on the other side, which had the Door half open. He was surprized to find a light there, expressly against the orders of the Ceremony, which was in a Dark Lanthorn that one could open or shut as one pleases. By this glimmering light he saw some Papers on the Table, that he took up, I know not why, and having blown out the Candle that was in the Lanthorn, he stept aside; and all this in so little time, that he easily got out before the Person to whom the Tent belonged, (and was gone out to see what the noise meant,) could be returned.

In the mean time the Tumult was over, and our *Frenchman*, having learnt they had found out the Author of that trouble, took heart and went back to *Josebeth's* Tent, that was the ninth from the Door.

we are more happy than we deserve; said she, softly in his Ear, for this noise was not made for us. A poor wretch, that formerly was of our Religion, got in, in Womens Cloaths, on purpose to steal some of the Vessels of Silver that we use for Incense, and 'twas that which gave us the Alarm. Though he and I both disguised ourselves to get in, said Villeneuve, yet the Thefts we intended to make were very different. All that you shall rob me off will be my Sleep, said Josebeth; and to confess the truth, I am desperately disquieted to see you here; for the time to come, pray leave me the appointment of our Rendezvous, for the first that you have made you see is very unlucky.

The truth is, Josebeth was very indiscreet; with all her wit, to venture her self at that rate in a place which was perfectly at the command of a Man that hated her mortally. That Man, who was then

then infinitely esteemed of all the *Jews*, and had the chief Authority in the Synagogue, was called *Manasses Ben Israel*. Though he were threescore years old, yet he was reckoned a very handsome Man; and for his Wit, he had too much to be beloved, but that he joyned to it a certain taking way, that obliged all the World. Above all, the extraordinary life he had hitherto lead, with the reputation of great Virtue, and without marrying, as the other Rabbins did, gave him a great Opinion, both among the *Jews*, and the several Sects of *Christians* that live at *Amsterdam*. But this good Opinion was ill placed; for as Hypocrisie is the general dress of the World, so was it put on by *Manasses*, who was one of those, that by appearing to have some good, are more capable of doing ill. The Gift he had to please all People and to vex

no body, was a Charm to blind the Eyes of all those that saw his Conversation, without which they would have quickly found a great many things that would have induced them to believe ill of him in greater matters. That general blindness had given leave to the Rabbin to enjoy a most delicious life for many years, and a very great reputation at the same time. But at last the time came when he should be seen without a Vizard, and *Joseberth* was chosen by Heaven to pull it off.

Manasses was grown in love with her beyond all bounds, and increased by the liberty his Quality gave him of visiting her every week without controul. That freedom gave him occasion enough to open his heart intirely to that lovely Woman, or at least to sound hers, and feel how such a declaration would be received. The soft Nature,

ture, and great complaisance of *Josebeth* gave him some hopes; the particular esteem that she shew'd him flattered his desires, and above all, the coldness he perceived she had for her Husband, seemed to promise him a favourable success. But on the other side his passion did not so blind him, but that he feared *Josebeth* might be of the humour of some cunning Women, who to gain themselves a reputation of Virtue, are pleased to reject the offers of some old or ill-conditioned Lover, when in the same time with greater surety they accept another that is more to their mind. Besides he had a mind if possible to ingage *Josebeth* without changing the part he had so long acted of a Saint. This appeared almost impossible at first, yet having thought well on the business, he believed he had at last hit upon a way suitable to his design. The

next

next time that he saw *Josebeth*, he did nothing but entertain her with the hopes he had to see their Nation quickly delivered from their misery by the coming of *Messias*. And the next time told her, that he had found out, in reading the Holy Prophets, that the *Messias* was to be begot by a Man in years, famous for Learning and Piety, and that had passed all his life in Virginity. A little after he read a Letter he had received from the devout *Jews* in *Portugal*, which brought news, that a Prophetess there had foretold, that the *Messias* was to be born in *Holland*; which he confirmed by divers Quotations of the old Testament, enough to confound a young Woman of two and twenty. In this fashion did our Rabbin endeavour to prepare her for his holy Intrigue; and at last raised a Report, that in a swooning Fit he had, which was
called,

called, *A Divine Extasie*, Heaven had revealed to him some extraordinary matter, which he could the easier do, by reason of that high esteem all the Synagogue had of him. After, having laid all those Snares for the innocent *Josebeth*, he went to visit her, and after having insinuated all his former discourses about the *Messias*, he added to all the rest with an affected humility, that an Angel had revealed it to him, that they two were chosen, by Heaven, to give their Nation its long desired Protector. This wicked subtilty was not wholly new in this accursed Pharisee, for, according to the Tradition of the *Hebrews*, the several Hypocrites have used the same means to accomplish their wicked designs. Such was the way of those Elders, that the young Prophet confounded at *Babylon*; and some of them had the fortune to deceive poor
cre-

credulous Women, who injured their Husbands out of pure Zeal. Of which number was *Dina*, a young Woman of *Alexandria*, who being brought to Bed of a Girl, instead of the *Deliverer of Israel*, which the Rabbin *Simon* had promised her, went to the Judge to make her Complaint of him, being more troubled for the disappointment of her hopes, than the loss of her Honour. But how foolishly soever the *Jewish* Women might behave themselves, *Josebeth* was not to be caught in such a Snare; she had too much wit, not to see the Cheat. Though at first she received *Manasses* proposition with some kind of gayety, the promise of bringing a Divine Off-spring, having nothing in it but what was very pleasant to a Woman of her Age and Humour: But seriously reflecting on his Impudence, she remembered the story she had read of

of that prophane Priest of the God *Anubis*, who under pretext of Piety, violated the illustrious *Paulina*; and she was so far from imitating those Heathenish Devotions, that the Respect and Friendship she had before conceived for that Rabbin, were changed into a Horrour and Aversion for him, that never could be diminished. Notwithstanding, she dissembled that change so cunningly, that he did not perceive it. So that when he pressed her to discover her Sentiments of a business of that importance, which, he said, he communicated to her in the simplicity of his heart, by the express order of Heaven; she seemed so surprized that she returned no answer at all; which made him flatter himself with the presage of a happy success; thinking in himself, that the most one can hope for, from a fine Woman, is to suffer the first declaration

tion of an unlawful desire, without falling into Anger and Rage. In this thought the Rabbin forgot the Divine Revelation, and began to obey the violence of his passion, and approach *Josebeth*, in a very carnal manner, when she made him a sign, with her Eyes and Hand, that she heard her Husband coming. So much patience in an occasion when she ought to have none, was not, for all that, an effect of her weakness. Her design was only to permit *Manasses* so far as might engage the Credit and Power he had with *wanbergue*, for the obtaining some of her desires. The Rabbin did not understand it in that manner, and finding, by the signs that *Josebeth* made him, the presence of *wanbergue* did much retard his happiness, he resolved to find some way to send him from home for some considerable time, which

was

was pretty hard to accomplish; for the *Hollander* had no business to draw him from home so much as one Night, much less to occasion him any long Journey, his Factors taking so much care of his Concerns, that he never stirred from home, except it were to go to the *Exchange*. Notwithstanding *Manasses* having taken notice, that nothing was so dear to *Wanbergue*, as the interest of his Religion, resolved to make use of that Zeal for the House of the Lord, to get him to absent himself from his own; and it was in this manner that he effected his design. Three Months before, there was come one into *Holland*, a *Frenchman*, named *Dessous*; a great Mathematician, and one who had particularly applied himself to the study of Ships, who had found out new secrets in order to the building Vessels in an extraordinary

ry fashion. He had presented a Memorial to the States, and had their leave to employ what Timber and Workmen he thought fit at *Rotterdam*, but all on his own charge.

The talk of this new Engineer, and this wonderful Invention, was very fit for *Manasses* Project, who having his natural wit sharpened by Love, used a devise to send away the Husband, that never could have entred into any bodies head. He assembled together the Rabbins and chief Men of his Religion, and after having made a great discourse about the coming of the *Messias*, he told them, that in the hopes of so great a happiness for their Nation, they ought not to neglect any thing that might tend towards the attaining the knowledge of such a felicity. That for his part he had taken notice in the *Talmud*, that, that King which they expected, was
to

to have, among other things, Ships of a most extraordinary fashion, that so he might the better be enabled to destroy by Sea, as well as on Land, any force of the Unbelievers, that would endeavour to hinder their return into *Judea*; and considering that Prophecie and the Report that was spread abroad of that wonderful Vessel that was going to be built, he thought the least they could do, was at least to send some Persons of Judgment and Integrity to *Rotterdam*, to inform themselves exactly of what was to be learnt, and to give an account of it to the Synagogue.

The great reputation that *Manasses* had acquired, together with that strong facility the *Jews* have had in all Ages, to be imposed upon by the hopes of their *Messias*, made all the Assembly applaud the Rabbins Proposition: And as they

they were about to consider of the Persons they should chuse for such an Employment, *Manasses* cunningly prevented the question, by saying, no Man was so fit for that Honour as *wanbergue*. All the Company approved the choise, and *Jonadab*, a Rabby, was appointed to go with him; so that they prepared themselves, to begin their Journey the next day, and as they were going away, *Manasses* gave them a particular to make their Inquiries by, to make the little Embassie appear more considerable. In the mean while *Josebeth* looked upon this Deputation as a serious Affair, till the Afternoon, that *Manasses* came to wait on her, and told her, that Providence had ordered this absence of *wanbergue*, as being necessary for the accomplishment of that Mystery, that they two were to perform. This Discourse, instead of working
on

on *Josebeth* in his favour, gave her a greater aversion for him than before, and made her confine her thoughts within her self; *How*, said she, *to abuse perpetually so venerable and holy a name as that of the Messias, one while to corrupt a wife, and then to send away a Husband, and always to cover some Roguery!* Whiles she was thus entertaining her self, *Manasses*, judging by her silence, of her consent, and thinking to gain it intirely, resolved to attack her where she was weakest; for having marked the Fancy she had for extraordinary Events, he resolved now to flatter it; telling her, that she was reserved to be the only Person in the World, for whom that Honour was kept: And he so beat into her Ears the Terms of *rare, unheard of, singular, particular, privileges*, and the like, in speaking of the glory she would have in bringing forth

forth the *Messias*, that *Josebeth*, who in disdain had held down her Eyes all the while, now began a little to mind what he said; and certainly, if any thing in the World could have moved her, this would. However, the inclination she had for extraordinary accidents, was not so strong as her aversion to so horrid an impiety; and her thoughts were wholly taken up, how she should escape so dangerous an Invasion. But *Manassas* put another interpretation on her silence, and imagined he now had wholly vanquished her: And this imagination enflaming his passion, made him forget the part he had so long acted of a Saint, and instead of that, to give himself up to all the transports a violent lustful young Man can use; which put *Josebeth* into a greater fright than ever she had been in. *How*, says she, *is it in this manner, that you go a-*

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about to obey the will of Heaven? Is this behaviour suitable to the commands the Angels, those pure and holy Spirits, gave you? Manassas, seeing that, took up his gravity again, telling her, that he only erred in the manner, and that she could accuse him of nothing but of executing the Divine Command in a way something carnal. When our Fore-fathers killed the Amalakites they did an action good and holy, though perhaps there was mixed in their obedience, some sinful heat and anger.

In like manner, the fulfilling of the Divine Revelation, will not be hindered by those transports that your beauty causes in me; except, Madam, you should fail of that respect and docility that you ought to shew. In this manner did this hateful Hypocrite abuse his Wit and Conscience, but to no purpose; for Joseph, being enraged with the repetition

tion of his insolence and blasphemy, took a resolution rather to die, than to let him enjoy his desires. But the *Rabbin*, who saw not what passed in the Heart of that Gallant Woman, began again his Batteries, thinking that she had only a mind to be overcome with force; and in this Conflict the Chamber was quickly strewed with his Cloak, his Gloves, and his Hat, whiles the poor *Josebeth*, armed only with her modesty and her anger, undauntedly resisted the insolence of this Monster.

In this Conflict, though *Josebeth* defended her self very well, yet she received some blows, which are not to be endured by a Lady; the grief she had, made her at last seek that safety in her Tongue, which her Hands could not give her; but there being no body near her, she ran for succour to a new dissimulation, the most usual, and

the best Arms that Women can imploy ; and speaking very softly, *what pleasure can you have in open day, were it not better stay till night ; that might a little hide my blushes, and take too from my sight, that Reverent Aspect of yours, which now gives me rather Fear than Love, and makes me look on you rather as my Father, than my Gallant ?* Manassas fancied, 'twas only a little scruple of Modesty that retained her, which with the help of the Night he should easily overcome. *I will obey you,* said he, *and defer my joy till night, and at Eleven a Clock I will not fail to come : And you, my Dear,* said he, *with the voice of a soft and gentle Conquerour, prepare your self to receive the greatest Honour that ever woman had.* And saying so, he went and took a little Key that opened the door into the Garden which lay before *Josebeths Apartment,*

ment, for he meant to come into her Chamber that way, as being the most easie and commodious. She let him take it, and to be rid of him the sooner, promised to leave her Chamber door open, and that another little Gate that was in the midst of a great Balustrade of Iron, that separated a little Court from the Garden, should only be put too. With these hopes the *Rabbin* went away, his eyes sparkling with fire, which *Josebeth* was sorry to have kindled, esteeming it the greatest misfortune of her life.

Twice she had hid her Resentment, with a Prudence not to be expected from one of her Age; but when he was gone, the affront she had received made her burst out into tears, and drown her Heart with sighs, which she did not interrupt, unless it were to curse the Synagogue, and all the

Race of the Jews. *What*, said she, *these be the Men whom we esteem like Prophets, and adore like the Vice-Roys of Heaven here on Earth, who Preach so often, that we must not so much as look upon another mans wife with desire! What Prodigies are these*, said she, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, *good God, is it possible that that can be thy Law, which is published by the mouth of such men, who break it with so much insolence.* The extremity of *Josebeth's* grief and rage, hindred her from seeing, that a Religion may be good, though the Ministers of it be never so bad. But that is a popular way of arguing, and though generally it does a great deal of mischief, yet now it did some good, by preparing her mind for something extraordinary. *Solomoune*, that came into her Chamber without asking leave, found her in this sad condition, and did

did what she could to comfort her, by making new Assurances of her Fidelity and readiness to do whatever she commanded her : And after some talk, they resolved to have Supper made ready later than ordinary, that the Servants should sit up longer, that so *Manassas* being tired with watching about the house, might retire of his own accord. This was executed accordingly, and it was now mid-night, when contrary to the custom of that Country, there appeared light in most of the Windows of the House.

The truth is, the *Rabbin* was a little tired with waiting, for he had been there since ten a Clock, and thought the time very long ; but for all that he never thought of going away, though it began to rain most cruelly, and there was not any shelter to save his new Beaver, his *Point de Venice* Band, and his Velvet Coat, which he had

tricked up himself withall, to appear with better Meen, before his Mistress. 'Twas well for her that it was most horrible dark, that so neither the Neighbours, or any of her own Servants, might see a Man walking in her Garden at that time of Night, and in her Husbands absence: For her part, that knew he was there, she could discern him well enough, and saw, that though he looked like a drown'd Rat, yet he did not look as if he would go away. 'Twas so late, that she ordered her People to go to Bed, thinking her self sufficiently secured, by having the door of the Balustrade, and that of her Chamber, well locked. *Manassas*, who, contrary to his expectation, found the door first of the Balustrade shut, flattered himself with the belief, that 'twas some mistake of the Servants; and therefore being nothing disheartened, and seeing no
more

more light in the Windows, he resolved to get over the Balustrade of Iron as well as he could, though it was very high from the ground; yet he did so well, getting in his feet by the side of the Iron-bar that fastned the Balustrade to the corner of the Wall, that at last he clamber'd up to the top of the Balustrade. *Josebeth*, that saw him all the while out of her Window, pulled *Solomonne*, and laughing, said, *See there the Patriarch of our Synagogue most delicately perch'd; is it not a pretty way of obeying Divine Revelations?* Poor *Solomonne* looked very seriously, and told her Mistress, *he could not chuse but pity him: I advise you*, said *Josebeth*, giving her a good bang, *to fall a crying: why*, said the Nurse, *'tis natural to have compassion on any thing that loves us, especially a man of that consideration. 'Tis on that accompt*, said *Josebeth*, *that he de-*

serves no pity ; if a man of his Consideration, had done nothing but expounded the Law a Sundays, and offer'd Incense on the New Moons, I should have continued my Friendship for him for ever ; but seeing he forgets his Profession, and his Age, to run into the extravagancies of Love and Youth, that he laughs at his Religion, nay abuses it, the better to destroy my Honour, there is nothing in the world that I despise so much as this Fallen Angel. Whiles they were talking, the Rabbⁿ was come down into the little Court before her Chamber, very easily, because the ground on that side was raised higher than the Garden, and filled up almost half the Balustrade ; he was no sooner down, but he ran to the door that opened out of the Chamber, and finding it shut contrary to his expectations, he was almost mad, and began to think, that they had
played

played him a trick: However, not to be wanting in any thing, he scratched a good while at the door, and though it continued raining extremely, yet he stayed a little longer, coughed, and threw little stones against the Window, till at last he had wakened *Josebeth's* Spaniels, that made such a barking, that *Manassas*, for fear he might be caught, began to climb up the Balustrade; and though it were very high from the ground towards the Garden, yet he thought he might slide down without any great trouble; as indeed he might easily have done, if in passing the Balustrade, his Velvet Coat had not unluckily hung in the Spikes of Iron that were set all along on the top of the Balustrade; he did not perceive it, till the weight of his body having made the Spikes enter fully into his Coat, he found himself staid by it, dangling in the

air: and after having struggled all he could, the Coat being new and strong, he was fain to unbutton himself, and leave the Coat hanging on the Iron: He durst not stay any longer, for a huge noise of laughter at the Window, and the noise the Spaniels made with barking, hearing him fall into the Garden, made the poor man run as fast as he could to the Garden door, which he shut very softly after him. *Josebeth* was ready to die with laughing, and she thought it was some piece of Justice, that the same Man who had given her so much trouble the same day, should afford her so much diversion at night: But for all her mirth, she forgot not to send *Solomoune* for the Velvet Coat, which being wet through, they imagined its Master was in a fine pickle: *Alas*, said *Solomoune*, considering his age, and the cold he must needs take, *it*
will

will certainly cost him his life; and you will be, Madam, doubly the cause of his death. Let him live or die, says Jofabeth, let him love or hate me, I care not, I am only glad to see my self freed from his Insolence at present, and for the time to come from his importunities; for after this usage, I suppose I shall no more be troubled with them. Manassas, by that time he came home, was of the same mind, and resolved instead of making her any more offers of Love, to shew her all the effects of his hate that he could: he fell into so deep a melancholly, that when the Deputies were come back from Rotterdam, eight days after their setting out from Amsterdam, and that they waited upon him to give him an account of their Journey, which afforded no great matter of hope, he heard their Relation with an unconcern, that very much surprized them.

All

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All

All this was passed but a Month before the Adventure of *Villeneuve*, and without doubt it had been an excellent occasion for our *Rabbin* to have revenged himself on *Josebeth* in the Profanation of the Synagogue, if he had been as lucky to have discovered, as the Lovers were indiscreet in making such an appointment for their diversion, in a place where he had so many Spies, and so much power. When *Solomoune* had told *Villeneuve* this story, he was frightened at the danger they had passed, and he concluded, that both his Mistress and he must use more discretion for the time to come. He charged the Nurse to give her that advice, till he could come himself to inculcate it; and to shew her a good example, he resolved not to stir out of the house where he was, till it was dark. Afterwards he put off his **Womans Cloaths** to put on his
OWN :

own ; but he was as long in undressing, as the Ladies use to be a dressing ; for every part of *Joseph's* Cloaths that he pulled off, gave him occasion to fall into some Contemplation or other, that kept him a good while : And when he came to her Smock, as he was pulling it over his head, there came into it the most ridiculous fancy that ever was , which he immediately executed ; for, laying the Smock at length on the Table before him, he took that part of it before, that was to be next her Heart , and wrote in it these Verses, making the Smock speak.

I, Lovers, that have felt each panting heart

Beat in its breast, without the dress of Art,

Can safely say, that Nature did design,

Your loving hearts in equal Bonds should joyn.

The

The things that Love make people do, appear ridiculous to those who have not their hearts warmed with that passion, but yet have much weight and mystery with the amorous themselves: this writing on the Smock was one of Loves fooleries, and yet *Villeneuve* was very much pleased with himself, for having found out such an extravagant way of shewing his affection, and hoped that it would please his Mistress, if it were only for the newness of the invention. He gave it *Solomonne*, and bid her carry it to her Mistress, and prayed her to insinuate sily, that this was a piece of Gallantry that had never been practised before; for though it was no great matter in it self, yet he hoped she might be taken with its singularity. And being now alone, he resolved to see what 'twas that he had stole in the Synagogue, which he had taken out
of

of the Pocket of his Mistresses Coat, before he sent it away. He unfolded the little Pacquet, and found rowled up in two or three Papers, a little Picture of a Lady in Mourning, that seemed to be about thirty years old, that had so fine an air, that without the Idea of *Josebeth* in ones head, one could not have escaped being very much taken with it. *I shall not be long in the doubt who she is,* said *Villeneuve*, *for certainly these Papers will instruct me fully.* The first that he opened was a Letter, with this Inscription, *For Abigail that is never at home:* it appeared to be a Mans Hand; and thus it was.

T*Is hard, Madam, to come four days together, at several hours, and not find you once! to run after you in all the places where one guesses you might be, and be told at every*

every house, that you are but just gone thence! how is it possible for me, after this, to be so contented with my Prison, as you would have me think I have reason to be? I would give half the blood in my Veins, that you were in this of Josepheths humour, that is always at home. The truth is, your Picture would a little console me for the troubles those Eclipses give me, would to God it could console me too, for a loss I have by a Factor at Genoa, of almost ten thousand pound, and a Ship of mine the Pyrates of Algier have taken. But if you are really pleased with the offers I make you of my service, and all the designs I have to gain you, you must, if you please, govern your self in quite another manner.

When he had done, he could not forbear laughing: *This is right a Dutch Gallantry*, says he, and the
true

*true stile of Cupid writing out of a
 ware-house: what tenderness of
 Love, and what fine Complements?
 I shall hate Abigal, if she be capable
 to use such a Brute kindly; but I
 shall see that by her Answer. He
 had it ready in the next Paper that
 he opened, and 'twas this.*

I*F you could do any thing else but
 grumble, you would be so far
 from chiding, that you would be
 pleased to bid me joy, in being freed
 from the bondage, which, for two
 years, the Ceremony to be observed
 by a Widdow has kept me in: Not
 that I design to use my liberty in the
 way that you would have me; no, I
 pretend to spend it in Duty and Re-
 ligion, as you may see by the place
 where I writ this Letter, which is
 in one of the Tents of our Syna-
 gogue, where I am like to pass a night
 very ill, if the pleasure of enter-
 taining my self with the thought
 and*

and hopes of our Love, does not help to divert me : So that I shall divide my self betwixt you and the Rab- bins ; they shall have the Ceremony, and you the Substance. The custom I have of being kind to you, draws these Expressions from me before I think on't, for you do no ways de- serve them, and less do you deserve the Picture you ask ; however I send it you, on condition, that the Mourn- ing you see me dressed in, make you remember, that I am free to bestow my heart on him that shall make me love him most : I do not mean to con- strain my Inclinations.

This Letter, that was not finish- ed, sufficiently shewed of what Character *Abigail* was ; which *Villeneuve* easily found out, and had such a contempt for her, that throwing down her Letter, *what a pitiful sort of woman is this, the meanness of her Soul destroys the*
Beauty

Beauty of her Face. Oh Josebeth,
my lovely Josebeth, is another sort
of Creature! how graceful is she
when she would be severe; and how
obliging is she in that severity it
self? That thought set him a-work
for some time. At last he continu-
ed; As for Abigail, she must needs
be an ill woman, and this Letter is
but an ill Picture of her mind.
 There was but one Paper more to
 read; and when Villeneuve had
 opened it, he saw 'twas a Cypher
 to write secretly, with a Key of
 Signs to speak by in Publick. The
 writing was not the same hand
 with the other Letters, and it ap-
 peared to be newly done, and
 brought thither, in all likelihood,
 to be either studied, or copied.
 After having examined these Pa-
 pers, he was a little surprized,
 though bred up in the Army, and
 the Court, two Places that do not
 usually give great impressions of
 Piety,

Piety, to have found people so im-
 ployed in a place and time so so-
 lemnly devoted to the Divine
 Worship. *If the Jewish Women do*
perform the other parts of their Re-
ligion, said he, like this Feast of Ta-
bernacles, I perceive Moses's Law
will be neatly kept. As he was in
 these thoughts, *Solomonne* came in,
 and he had but just time to rowl
 up the Papers, and put them in his
 Pocket: *I come,* said she, *from ma-*
king my Mistress, and never did she
laugh so much in her life, as she has
done on reading your Verses upon her
Smock ; and yet at last she began to
be a little melancholly, looking on
those words, Nature did design
your loving hearts in equal Bonds
should joyn. *I wish to God,* said she,
sighing, that it be as true as that I
think I desire we were made one for
another, and that the Event may
make good my thoughts, and my de-
sires : afterwards she fell into her
pleasant

pleasant humour again, as you will see by this Note which she has sent you. Villeneuve took it trembling, and found these words :

I thought that I had been, when I pleased, the most extravagant Creature in the world, but now your Verses have robbed me of that glory. The stuff, as well as the fashion, are equally bizarre, and the part where you have writ them, make up all: So on the whole matter, my Smock is now fit for a Romance, and from henceforwards it shall be my Holy-day Smock; with precaution however, which I think as necessary as you can do: Therefore do you and Solomoun take your measure together, and I shall agree to whatever you resolve on.

That resolution was, that he should not see *Josebeth* in eight days, but that he should send his Man with a Letter to *Solomounes* little House every night.

As

As Solomonne was about to get him some Supper, he asked in a careless manner, as if it were by chance, and for want of other discourse, if she knew one called Abigail, and whether it were the Name of a Man or a Woman. You need ask no body but Josepheth, said the Nurse, not stirring from what she was about, and it may help to advance your business bravely. But who told you any thing of Abigail? Two or three people, said he, that talked under the window before you came in, named that Name so often, that it stuck in my memory, and I thought to ask you who 'twas. Come hither, says Solomonne, taking him by the arm, do you see over those Gardens, that fine House, with the great windows, that is Abigals House. But if you will swear to say nothing to my Mistress, I will tell you more? She was born at Brussels, where her Father, who was

a Spaniard, but for his Religion was a secret Jew, had a considerable Employment in the Court of the Cardinal Infanta, Governour of Flanders. The Agent of Portugal that resided at Amsterdam, having seen her in a Journey he had occasion to make to Brussels, desired her for his Wife, and was preferred to a great many others, because he (as you know since the Expulsion of the Moors and Jews out of Spain, there remain a great many secret Jews) was of the same Religion with her Father Dom Gomez.

In a little while he left her a rich Widow; and as soon as in decency she could, she took another Husband, of the same Nation and Religion with her first, his name was Caladujar, whom she has already buried, and by that means is again at her dispose, and surely she is one of the handsomest Women in Holland. She pretends to know
F the

the World better than any of our Ladies here, because she lived with her Father in the Court of *Brussels*; so that all things are carried with a great Air in her House, and she allows her self a greater liberty than our Women usually take: they say she loves nothing so much as her pleasure; perhaps 'tis but a scandal, for she goes devoutly to the Synagogue; but however she has that Reputation. And 'how
 'are the Rabbins pleas'd with this,
 'said Villeneuve. *Among the Jews,*
 said Solomoun, *the widows are*
allowed a much greater liberty than
married women, or Maids, for rea-
sons that I do not remember, and
under that pretence Abigail takes a
little too much: she has been sever-
al times reprov'd for it, and Manaf-
sas, as well as the other Rabbins, have
sometimes shew'd their dislike of her
way of living; but some hat spoke of
her as Josaphat, who is the most
 learn-

learned and vertuous of them all. He preached at the great Feast of Expiation, that is the 10th day of September; and was so particular in condemning the liberty of widows, that it was plain enough he meant Abigal. However his Exhortation, did no good, through the malice of the other Rabbins, who taking an occasion to scandalize him, because he has no Beard, say, he cryes out against women, only because the imperfection of his Nature gives him an aversion for them. Besides, Abigal has such a way to flatter and ingratiate her self with all the world, that it takes very little notice of what she does. 'But after
 'all, says Villeneuve, what has Josepheth to do with Abigal? 'Oh,
 'says the Nurse, that is the Secret;
 'and yet, said she, (that long'd to
 'tell all she knew) I can't forbear
 'giving you this Mark of my trust,
 'so much I esteem you. You must

' know then, that *Wanbergue* fell
 ' desperately in Love with *Abigal* af-
 ' ter her first Husband dyed. They
 ' are both much about the same
 ' age, and I cannot tell by what
 ' kind of sympathy, she loved him at
 ' the same time, so that he used all
 ' his endeavours with his Father,
 ' to have his consent to Marry her.
 ' But the good old Man, that did
 ' not like her free way of living,
 ' opposed it firmly, and did the
 ' more eagerly embrace the first
 ' Proposition that *Josebeths* Father
 ' made him about the same time.
 ' The happiness of possessing so fine
 ' a Woman as *Josebeth*, has not ta-
 ' ken away the first love he had for
 ' *Abigal*; he has still continued to
 ' visit her, and, betwixt you and I,
 ' I believe he still adores her. You
 ' may easily imagine what an inju-
 ' ry this is to *Josebeth*, and how
 ' hainously she takes it. 'Tis not
 ' that *Josebeth* values the love of
 ' her

' her Husband, but it cannot but cut
 ' her to the heart to see another so
 ' unjustly preferr'd before her ; for
 ' though *Abigal* be very hand-
 ' some, yet I assure you she cannot
 ' be compared to *Josebeth*, either
 ' in Youth, Beauty, or Wit.

Villeneuve was of *Solomoun's* opi-
 nion, and thought that *Wanbergue*
 did his Mistress a great injury, but
 however he was not much troubled
 at it, because it advanced his de-
 signs: And beginning to esteem
 the Nurse, as a Woman of good
 sense and breeding, he amused
 himself a little in discoursing with
 her. ' I know very well, *said he*,
 ' that Ladies esteem so much the
 ' Reputation of Beauty, and hold
 ' it so dear, that though they have
 ' ever some aversion for a Man, yet
 ' it can never go so far, as to make
 ' them desire, he should carry his
 ' sighs and services any where else.
 ' As much disdain as you please,

' but a fair Lady will still look on
 ' the going away of a Lover, whom
 ' she did not value, as the loss of a
 ' Subject, and a diminution of
 ' her Empire, and never will she
 ' forgive that Fugitive, that, though
 ' ill used, durst ingage himself in
 ' the service of another Mistress.
 ' But dear Mistress *Solomonne*, con-
 ' tinued *Villeneuve*, *having a mind*
 ' *to pass away the time*, let us know
 ' a little of your Concerns, and tell
 ' me a little what Company you
 ' have kept, to get so much wit as
 ' you shew in all your discourse.
 ' You laugh at me, *said she*, but I
 ' have read something in my time,
 ' and there have been Men in the
 ' World, that could think it worth
 ' their while to entertain me. ' By
 ' what I yet see, *said Villeneuve*, I
 ' judge you have made no incon-
 ' siderable Conquests; but may one
 ' not know some one of the Slaves
 ' you have made. ' Yes, *said she*,
 ' grow-

'growing young again with the re-
 'membrance of past pleasure, I have
 'been loved; and it would be no
 'Romance, if I should tell you there
 'was a time when a Marshal of
 'France had no other inclination
 'but for me. I was but eighteen
 'years old, when he said I had too
 'much wit for a *Lorrainer*, and he
 'did our Family many a good turn
 'for my sake. As he came back
 'from an Ambassie in *Switzerland*,
 'he came forty miles out of his
 'way to see me; and he protested,
 'that if ever he published the Sto-
 'ry of his Life, I should not be for-
 'gotten. 'Oh, said *Villeneuve*,
 'this must be the Marshal of Ba---
 'You are in the right, said *Solo-*
 'moune, and I was acquainted
 'with him, by reason my Father
 'held a Farm belonging to the
 'Lordship of *Harovel*, which be-
 'long'd to the Marshal. One need
 'not ask if a Lover of that Qua-
 'lity

' hity had reason to complain of
 ' your cruelty? Alas, *said the poor*
 ' Nurse, 'twas so worthy a Man,
 ' that 'twas impossible— But you
 ' laugh at me, and I am a Fool to
 ' talk to you so, and hinder you
 ' from writing to *Josebeth*, before
 ' you go home. He writ a Letter
 full of respect and passion, and be-
 sought her by eagerness of Love,
 that she would shorten the term of
 eight days, which he himself had
 agreed to, and let him see her at
 the end of three.

Before *Solomoune* went away, he
 asked her, if by chance she had not
 something or other about her of the
 hand-writing of *wanbergue* ; for,
 says he, *I have a fancy to know his*
hand. She look'd in her Pocket,
 and found a Note of some things
 that he ordered her to buy him two
 or three days before: *Oh, this is*
enough , says *Villeneuve* ; and as
 soon as she was gone, he took
 the

the Letters out of his Pocket that he had stole in the Synagogue, and comparing one of them with this Note the Nurse had just given him, he found they were both the same hand. At first he did not know, whether he ought to be angry or glad; for as on one side he considered, that it must needs do him service to convince *Josebeth* of the Infidelity of her Husband; so on the other side, the love and esteem he had for her, made him see with indignation, the brutality of a Man that could neglect a Woman of her Merit, for another that was so much her inferiour in all respects. He was thinking with himself, whether he should make his Mistress acquainted with this story; For, said he, *one must treat Women of wit, and that value their Reputation, in another manner than one uses those that have not so much niceness and honour; for those are*

alarm'd with hearing a story of another woman, and the fear of being talked of themselves, makes them preach against the vanity of the world, and renounce to a friendship for six Months together, without ever caring what becomes of their Friend all that while: what know I, but that when Josebeth hears, that an intrigue of another woman has been brought to light in so extraordinary a manner, she may take a fancy, and be reserved her self, for fear that her own Concern may some way or other be found out too. Villeneuve had such thoughts, because he did well comprehend of what nature were Josebeths intentions for him; and therefore resolved to tell her nothing of the discovery he had made of her Husbands love with Abigail: Immediately Solomoune came in; I shall tell you strange news, said she, who do you think I have left
with

with my Mistress? why Manaffas, said Villeneuve. No, 'tis not he, but I should rather have expected to have found him there, than this other Person, for 'tis Abigal, who has not been with my Mistress this three years till now, and it must be something extraordinary that brings her now. The Nurse was in the right, for *Abigal* was extreamly troubled at the loss of her Papers, and yet could not tell who to accuse; and though she did not use to be much concerned at any thing, yet now her indifference forsook her, and she could not with patience think in what Hands, those Letters and her Picture might fall. However, as 'tis natural, when one is surprized, to think it comes from them whom we have injured, *Abigal* who knew *Josebeth* had been that night in the Synagogue, did strongly suspect 'twas she that had stole her Papers.

Being

Being big with this thought, she writ early in the morning to *Wanbergue*, that he should come and speak with her. He fell into a violent passion, when she told him the business; and when she nam'd *Josabeth*, *I had rather lose one of my Ships*, said he, *that are coming home, than that Imperious Woman should have such an advantage over me*: and at last he used *Abigail* as rudely, as if she had been already his Wife, and that had grievously offended him: But she that knew how to order that hasty humour, easily brought him to himself, and made him perceive, that that misfortune was occasioned by her violent affection, and the extraordinary Concern she had to shew it, even when she ought to have imployed her thoughts in Devotion: And if any body had reason to be troubled, 'twas she, who had lost both her Letter, and her Picture, by the too eager desire
 she

she had to send them to him. At last they both concluded that *Abigal* should pay *Josebeth* a Visit, and endeavour in her Conversation to find out what she could of the Adventure.

Josebeth was about to say she was not within, when she saw *Abigal* come to visit her; but the pride she took to be always at home, made her suffer that Visit, though much against her humour. She received her with a great coldness, which did not wear off, though *Abigal* made her all the Caresses and Flatteries in the World. She commended *Josebeth's* Beauty above all the Ladies in Town; and afterwards fell to talk of the Feast of the Tabernacles, and of the disorder that happen'd that night *Josebeth* was at the Synagogue: 'One cannot, said *Abigal*, discover all the Rogueries that are practised there, and the
' poor

' poor Creature that was taken, is
 ' not the only prophane Wretch,
 ' that abused the Devotion of such
 ' a holy place, and such a Solemn
 ' Feast, to have an opportunity of
 ' taking that which does not be-
 ' long to them. *Josebeth*, that took
 her words in another meaning than
 what *Abigal* intended, was mortal-
 ly frightened, and in her heart believ-
 ed she was found out. However,
 having naturally a steddiness of
 mind that was seen even in her
 countenance, she was no way dis-
 ordered; but on the contrary, she
 did not only detest the impiety of
 those people that come into holy
 places with ill designs, but spake
 with great zeal against those that
 imploy their thoughts in places of
 Devotion, to any thing but that
 Service which they come there to
 Celebrate. This discourse frightened
Abigal, as much as hers had a-
 larm'd *Josebeth*; and it had been a
 pleasant

pleasant thing to see those two Women fright one another, with the discourse they held, with no other design, but to keep themselves from being thought guilty. Of the two, *Abigal* was the most frightened, and *Josebeths* Answer made her colour rise, so that she could not hide it: and having stayed about half an hour longer with a great constraint, at last went away without having been able to learn any thing of *Josebeth*, who was a little come to her self, after the first fright that Conversation had given her; but yet had a great impatience to confer with *Villeneuve* upon that Subject: So that having read the Note he sent her, that *Solomoune* had took an occasion to give her, while *Abigal* was there, she wrote him another, to come to *Solomoune's* at the end of three days, as he desired, but that he should be sure not to come
in

in till it was dark night, nor go out till it was very dark. *Villeneuve* obeyed those Orders exactly, and left not the Nurse till past ten a Clock, having her promise that she would be there again next night at the same hour, that he might send her a Letter for his Mistress. Next night *Dumarest*, that had took good notice of the House, found it, and her there, and gave her a Letter from his Master. As soon as *Josebeth* saw it, and saw a drop of blood about it, which made her Heart beat, she opened it, and read these Verses writ in blood.

*Thou that hast left the Streams of
Life to gain
A Kiss from Cloris hand, tell her
the pain,
The cruel anguish, and the killing
smart,
That thou didst feel in passing
through my Heart.*

The

The Verses were very indiffer-
 rent ones ; but coming from a
 Man in Love, and being writ in
 Blood too , made them appear
 quite other things. But the sense
 of them was not plain to *Josebeth*,
 which made her send *Solomoune* to
 see in what condition *Villeneuve*
 might be: *Dumarest* told her, that
 his Master having found himself
 extreemly heated all night, had
 been let blood, but that now he
 was very well, and would not fail
 of waiting on *Josebeth* at the time
 agreed. ' This is a pretty cheap
 ' way of shewing ones passion, said
 ' *Josebeth*, laughing at the bloody
 ' Letters, and a great conveniency
 ' of taking care of health, and
 ' giving marks of Love at the same
 ' time: Oh, says *Solomoune*, you are
 ' too hard to be pleased ; would
 ' you have the poor man give him-
 ' self a wound indeed , that he
 ' might send you some of his blood
 in

'in a Complement ; for to do so,
 'he must be in a more despairing
 'condition, than your goodness is
 'like to reduce him to. 'Very
 'well, said *Josebeth*, thou seest I
 'have a mind to be merry ; and
 'taking a Pen in her hand, sent
 'him this Answer.

Cherish the Stream that runs with-
in thy Veins,
And by thy own increase, not Cloris
pains :
For know that she will ever bear her
part,
In all the sufferings of a loyal
heart.

These verses were not made by
Sappho, but however might pass,
 being of a Womans hand, that did
 not at all pretend to Poetry, nor
 Rime, except when she had a mind
 to fool ; But *Villeneuve* was charm-
 ed with them, and said they were
 the

the best that ever he saw. In the mean time he had a certain Curiosity to see *Abigal*, that he might have the pleasure to laugh at their folly, who compared her to *Josebeth*. With that design he went next day to the Synagogue, believing that *Josebeth* would not come thither that day; and he only minded who went out and in at the fifth Tent, in which he had found the Picture and the Papers. A great many Women had passed by him that were not very likely to be what he sought; when at last he saw one, that took up his looks more than all the rest. She was dressed very plain, because the Law forbids any finery at that Feast; but her shape was of it self so fine, and there appeared such a Majestick Air in her gate, and in the lower part of her Face, that a Vail of Gare that came to her Mouth, discovered, that made *Villeneuve*

leneuse conclude it must be *Abigail*. Having an impatience to know, he stopp'd a Woman that followed her, with something under her Arm; just as he saw the first go into the fifth Tent, as he thought she would. If all the rest be answerable to as much of her as I have seen, she must indeed be very beautiful: he had a mind to see how she look'd with her long Mantle on, as she stood in her row among the other Women: she was taller by almost the Head, and held her Bough with a certain grace, peculiar to her self. As he beheld her in that posture, he could not hinder himself from making Reflexions one would not have expected from him. 'How true it is, *said he*, that Hypocrisie it self is a homage that Vice renders to Virtue, and a confession of its excellence: For the wicked, by constraining themselves

' selves to an appearance of good,
 ' do thereby own that there is no-
 ' thing so desirable, as a real Repu-
 ' tation of probity: And me-
 ' thinks *Abigail* her self, who I
 ' know in my Conscience is an
 ' ill Woman; yet in that out-
 ' ward Figure of Devotion she ap-
 ' pears so lovely, that that false
 ' appearance makes me almost for-
 ' get what I know her to be;
 ' and I warrant you, she her self is
 ' well pleased with this shew of
 ' Religion, that by it she may keep
 ' some pretence to it. But those
 ' thoughts all ended in *Josebeth*, as
 ' 'tis natural for those that have a-
 ' ny particular Fancy that governs
 ' in their Head, to reduce all things
 ' to it. ' I confess, *said he*, that
 ' *Josebeth* did not shew much Re-
 ' ligion neither, in the Synagogue;
 ' but she is young, and perhaps she
 ' is not in her heart a *Jew*, who
 ' can tell!

As

As he went home, he pulled out *Abigals* Picture, and often looked upon it; and comparing the Picture of *Josebeth* that he carried in his heart, with that other which he carried in his hand; he found in the first an Air of Sincerity and Constancy, which the last did no way promise: But on the contrary a Physiognomy that appear'd with something of lightness and falleness, which indeed was the true Character of *Abigal*.

The night that brings rest under its soft Wings, to all the World, brought none to *Villeneuve*; for the agitation of his own thoughts would not suffer him to take any. For the Passion which he had for *Josebeth*, which his heart told him was very different from the former amusements of gallantry which he had, the difficulties he saw to oppose his desires, and yet the hopes that she her self had so plainly given

given him, of possessing her in the
 ways of honour; all this together
 raised a confusion in his mind, and
 overspread it with a darkness,
 thicker than that the night was
 wrapt in. Above all, he was cru-
 elly troubled about the meaning of
 one part of *Wanbergues* Letter.
 'Tis most certain, said he, that
 this Rascal of a Husband would
 fain be rid of *Josebeth*, that he
 might have liberty to marry *Abi-
 gal*! But how can I be sure they
 will stop at desires only? for
 they have neither of them over
 much scruples of Conscience, and
 therefore they may easily go on
 from unjust desires to unjust acti-
 ons. In a word, 'tis a *Few* that
 hates his Wife, and writes to his
 Mistress of designs that he has to
 gain her: What can those de-
 signs be; and if he should really
 go on to execute any of them on
Josebeth, which she might possibly
 pre-

' prevent by having notice of them
 ' from me, and so perish by my fault,
 ' I could not in my own death find
 ' a consolation for hers.

Being overcome with this fear,
 he took *Abigals* Picture and Pa-
 pers, when it was time to go to
Josebeth. ' Well, tell me, *said that*
lovely woman, when she saw him,
 ' is it not true that a little absence
 ' does no injury to Love, when it
 ' is such as it ought to be. ' I
 ' confess, Madam, he answered,
 ' that a short separation can work
 ' no change in a heart that loves
 ' truly ; but 'tis as true, that all
 ' that while that heart enjoys no
 ' quiet ; and if it should last long,
 ' it could have no joy : For there
 ' is this difference betwixt a Hus-
 ' band and a Lover, that the last
 ' looks upon every distance, as a
 ' danger he runs of losing his hap-
 ' piness, which every thing threat-
 ' ens in his absence : Whereas the
 ' other,

'other, whose business is already
 'done, makes him more desirable
 'by his absence; and therefore
 'makes a Journey on purpose, to
 'bring back the conjugal affection
 'more enflamed. 'But, *says Jose-*
 '*beth*, you do not consider, that
 'when the Eyes, the Mouth, and
 'the Ears are not taken up with
 'the Object before them, the
 'flame, that else would be divided
 'into those several quarters, is all
 'united in the Heart, and burns
 'there so much the stronger: You
 'may call it *Singularity*, if you
 'please, but I should best like so
 'to order Love, that desires and
 'impatiences should follow plea-
 'sures and enjoyments. 'I know
 'not, Madam, *said Villeneuve*, if
 'the frequent occasions Monsieur
 '*wanbergue* takes to absent him-
 'self, produce those good effects be-
 'twixt you, that you seem to desire
 'and commend: But this I know,
 G 'that

' that you are not the Person
 ' whose absence he mourns, but
 ' that there is another in the world,
 ' whose company he desires much
 ' more than yours. And at these
 words he pulled out the Picture,
 and the Papers, which *Josebeth*
 took with a great Concern,

The first Letter she read, was
 that her Husband had writ, and
 saw there with some satisfaction
 the testimony he gave her of li-
 ving retired, and never stirring
 from home. But when she came
 to that part of the Letter, that
 spake, of her being pleased with
 the designs he had to gain her, she
 fell into a great passion; and, as
 'tis natural to suspect the greatest
 Crimes in people for whom one
 has an aversion, she immediately
 believed, that her Husband intend-
 ed to poyson her, if *Abigal* would
 have him. Afterwards she read
Abigal's Answer; and when she
 had

had done, *See*, said she, *the stile of that ill Woman* : But she does not appear so wicked as her Lover ; and I do not find that she would make use of the Power that Traytor gives her over my Life, though one can't be sure what her thoughts are, because her Letter is not finished, and perhaps the Sentence for my Death would be the last thing she would have writ. There was yet one Paper more to read, but she was so angry, she could not mind it ; it was the Cypher, and the way of speaking by Signs ; and Villeneuve had a great Curiosity to know the Author, and therefore presented it again to *Josebeth*, desiring her to read it. As soon as ever she saw it, she cryed out, *Oh my fine Saint, he was fit to make one in this Company. 'Tis that Hypocrite Rabby Mannassas, who thought, it seems, to find more favour with Abigal than he had with me. And it was very true,*

for that old Rascal, that endeavour-
 ed to comfort himself for the loss of
 Josebeth, found no body in his Flock
 so fit to drive away his melancholly,
 as Abigal. But because her loose
 way of living made it scandalous,
 for a Man of Manassias Profession, to
 visit her with that assiduity that was
 requisite for his design, they agreed
 to speak to one another before the
 world with Signs, which that Holy
 Doctor was to make a List of; which
 he had accordingly done, and sent
 her, that day that she went to keep
 the Feast of Tabernacles, that so
 she might make use of the leisure
 time she should have in the Syna-
 gogue, to study so devout a Lesson.
 So horrible a profanation of the
 Mysteries of Religion, by the chief
 Person concerned to observe and
 celebrate them, gave an occasion
 to Villeneuve to perswade Josebeth
 to leave the Communion of such
 Hypocrites, and come over to the
 Chri-

Christian Religion. *You speak well for your own interest,* said she, *if it be true, that you love me as much as you pretend, for if I turned Christian, 'twould be in your power to marry me, if you desired it.* Villeneuve that never heard of any such Custom, threw himself at her feet, and begg'd her to tell him how that could be. 'There is nothing more usual, *said Josebeth,* 'than that practise, which is used 'both in *Flanders and Holland;* 'and the manner of it is this, 'When a Jewish Woman has a 'mind to turn Christian, she cites 'her Husband before the Magistrate, that he may there declare, 'if he has a mind to make himself 'a Christian, and he has eight days 'given him to consider what he 'will do; and in that time, he and 'his Wife live apart: If at the end 'of that time he forsake the Jewish 'Religion, the Marriage stands 'good;

'good, but if he continue obsti-
 'nate, to live and die a Jew, his
 'Wife then protests she can't live
 'with him, for fear of her Consci-
 'ence ; and then she has paid her
 'back the Portion she brought him,
 'and is suffered to marry where
 'she pleases. 'Tis but a year ago,
 'that the same thing happened in
 'Amsterdam, to a fine Woman of
 'the Jewish Nation, called *Dora-*
 '*zith*, that afterwards married the
 'Lieutenant Colonel of the Regi-
 'ment of *Indersum*. In a word,
 'said *Josebeth*, 'tis the only way in
 'which you shall obtain me, and
 'twas this I meant, when I spoke
 'confusedly to you, in the begin-
 'ning of our Acquaintance. *Vil-*
leneuse touched to the Heart with
 the Proposition *Josebeth* had made
 him, kissed her Hand which she
 gave him, and swore to Heaven,
 that he would esteem more than
 all the World the honour to pos-
 sess

selfs *Josebeth*. But *Madam*, said he,
 what if *Wanbergue* should have a
 fancy to turn *Christian* too: Oh,
 there is no fear of that, said *Jose-*
beth, and would I were as sure of
 your *Constancy* to me, as I am of his
 to the *Jewish Religion*, for which his
 zeal is very great; nay, I believe he
 has so much aversion for me, that he
 would be glad of my *Conversion*, that
 so he might be left at liberty to mar-
 ry another. ' But *Madam*, all the
 ' *Rabbins*, and *Manassas* that has so
 ' great an Authority, do you think
 ' they will be quiet, and do no-
 ' thing to hinder us? They are Un-
 ' believers, and Unbelievers that
 ' you have injured, and do you
 ' think they will not try all ways
 ' to molest you? For that, said
 ' *Josebeth*, many things are to be
 ' answered. First, this is a Custom
 ' and Law established, that can no
 ' more be questioned: And then
 ' you know, that in this Common-

' wealth there is no violence or
 ' disorder suffer'd, and though all
 ' Religions are here permitted, yet
 ' the Jews are the least favoured
 ' by the Publick of any other:
 ' And then, you little know what
 ' sort of people *Manaffas* and his
 ' Brethren are, if you think they
 ' will concern themselves out of
 ' zeal, to keep me in their Religi-
 ' on: Alas, 'tis Policy not Devo-
 ' tion governs them, and they aim
 ' at nothing but their Interest. If
 ' people of ordinary condition
 ' come to them, for the expound-
 ' ing and interpreting the Law,
 ' they declare it in its utmost ri-
 ' gour, that so they may get the
 ' Reputation of Precise and Holy
 ' Men; but if men of Quality
 ' want another Exposition, they
 ' can explain it quite another way,
 ' that so they may maintain them-
 ' selves by their Authority and Fa-
 ' vour. 'Tis the same in matter of
 ' Repu-

'Reputation ; for though a Man
 'have neither real honour, nor
 'honesty , and a Woman give
 'just occasion to all the Town
 'to talk of her, provided they
 'go to the Feast of Tabernacles,
 'and hold a Bough devoutly in
 'their hands; if they do but speak
 'well of their Spiritual Leaders,
 'and say they deserve esteem and
 'respect, all is well ; their Con-
 'sciences shall be quiet, and our
 'Rabbins will send them to Hea-
 'ven, without ever changing their
 'Life on Earth : And on the o-
 'ther side, if one does not blindly
 'admire all they Preach, and take
 'care to court their favour, one
 'shall be cryed down for the great-
 'est Atheist in the World. All
 'this is plain, in their carriage to
 'me and *Abigail*. Because I never
 'shew'd over much care to please
 'them, they have done all they can
 'to injure me, but to no purpose,

'because my way of living has
 'given them no occasion to fasten
 'on; however they have often
 'said, that the small respect I paid
 'the Priests, was a certain sign I
 'had no Religion in my heart:
 'And as it lies in their power to
 'make some sort of distinction in the
 'Synagogue, they have there taken
 'occasion sometimes to shew their
 'little spleen; but seeing that I
 'laughed at their little tricks, they
 'were pleased to find that *Wanber-*
 '*gue* had some Intrigue, and have
 'done what they could to favour
 'her and him, on purpose to vex
 'me: Nay, they let me know, that
 'one of the Rabbins themselves,
 '*Marezul* by Name, had been em-
 'ployed to carry Love-Letters be-
 'twixt them. On the other side,
 '*Abigal* living in that liberty she
 'takes, has yet so much of their
 'favour, that upon all occasions
 'they justify her actions, and cry
 'her

'her up for a Woman of Piety.
 'Whiles she gets so much indul-
 'gence by submitting to their
 'pride; she calls them her Ora-
 'cles, and adores their Persons,
 'kisses the bottom of their Gar-
 'ments, and often sends them
 'considerable Presents. 'And my
 'treacherous Husband too, *says*
 '*Josebeth*, for the same reason, ob-
 'serves the same method, to gain
 'those Mercenary Wretches. He
 'often invites them to Dinner,
 'and then I must take an extraor-
 'dinary care to treat them splen-
 'didly. And the other day, *Wan-*
 '*bergue* and *Abigail*, agreed to send
 'a Present of fine Cloath to *Ma-*
 '*nassas*, that he, and the rest, might
 'appear handsomly drest at the
 'Feast of Tabernacles: so that
 'with these Precautions, both he
 'and she live how they please, un-
 'der the protection of these base
 'Hypocrites. 'Seeing 'tis so, Ma-
 'dim,

‘dam, *said Villeneuve*, why do
 ‘you make any scruple to leave a
 ‘Party, where there is neither Ho-
 ‘nour, nor Religion, and to come
 ‘into a better way? ‘I have had
 ‘thoughts so to do, a great while,
 ‘*said Josebeth*, and the first Edu-
 ‘cation I had in the Christian Re-
 ‘ligion, gave me a great Aversion
 ‘for these Rabbins.

At last they both agreed that
Villeneuve should, next day, go a-
 way with all haste to *Louvain*, that
 he might have the Opinion of
 the Doctors of his own Religion
 about marrying *Josebeth*; and that
 in the mean time, *Josebeth* should
 live with her Husband, as she had
 done before.

As *Villeneuve* was on the way,
 he could do nothing but admire the
 goodness of *Josebeth*, which she had
 shewn him in this last Conversati-
 on: For according to the Rules of
 a great Passion, he should have been

so transported with the offer she made him of marrying her, that all his Reason and Wit, should have been given up intirely to his Joy: he ought not to have thought of any thing but that Felicity, and having once got his Mistresses word, not have troubled his head with thinking of other Obstacles. And yet, instead of such an obliging Transport, he had coldness enough to reflect on the offer she made him, and to propose a thousand difficulties against his own happiness; in a word, he looked as if he was making a bargain, and that he would be assured of all things beforehand. A proceeding that had nothing in it, of gratitude, or tender love, and yet *Josebeth* had had sweetness, and goodness enough to bear it patiently, and calmly answer all his Objections. However, he thought, that in all this he had done his duty; and in reality, he had

in this shewed the greatest token of his kindness that was possible. *I have now, said he, experimented the difference there is, betwixt a love of Gallantry, and a love of Marriage; for formerly, whenever I engaged my self in a Ladies service, 'twas to follow my present inclination, without ever troubling my self with the consequence that might happen. But now I well found by another temper of my heart, that Josebeth, my lovely Josebeth, gave me Chains that were to tie me all my Life; and the happiness of possessing her appeared so unlikely, that I could not but dispute, to be assured of its reality.*

With these thoughts he got to *Louvain*, and immediately made his case known to the Doctors there; who, in a Writing under their hands, gave their Opinion, that the Marriage of a converted Jew, whose Husband would continue still

still in that Superstition, with a Christian man, was good and valid: They brought several Citations out of the Canon Law; and at the bottom Sign'd it,

Siunnich. Wauverne. Loyens.

Those good men would not let *Villeneuve* go, without taking occasion to give him wholesome instructions, telling him, that Marriage was not ordained to please the Lust of the Flesh, but that he ought to propose to himself a higher and Nobler End, without which---- But our Lover having got that which he came for; cut off that Grave Discourse with a Reverent Bow he made them; and taking this Declaration which the Secretary of the Coledge, *M. Nau-landt* gave him, he went to take Horse, to go back as fast as he came. But his return was not so soon

soon as he intended ; for as he was going away, he was stopped by an Officer, and some Souldiers, and carried away Prisoner to the Governour of the Castle, *Dom Henriques de Carrero*. That Spaniard, whom such a Place made very proud, used *Villeneuve* at first very rudely ; letting him know in an unhandsome manner, that he took him for a Spy, as indeed *Dom Henriques* was informed that he really was ; for the War then continued betwixt *France* and *Spain*, and the people of *Louvain* had an extraordinary hatred for the *French*, ever since the Marshal *de Breze* besieged their City, who, after having spent a great deal of time, and a great many men, destroyed all their Country, out of rage, that he was forced to raise his Siege : So that having taken notice of *Villeneuve*, as he went up and down the Town about his business, with an air, and
way

way that made them take him for a *French-man*: Those who had nothing else to do, were glad to do a *French-man* an ill turn, and went and told the Governour, that he looked like a dangerous Man. 'Twas to no purpose that he complained in *Dutch* of the injury that they did him, for the Governour with a *Spanish* Gravity, without so much as hearing him, made a sign they should carry him away; and away they had him into a Chamber that was not extraordinarily well furnished. The Officer that had the charge of him, stayed with him in the Room to entertain him, and told him at last, that though his Excellence was most exact in doing his Duty, yet he knew how to treat Gentlemen. The Prisoner presently smelt what he would be at, and therefore took out a Gold Watch he had about him, and desired him he would present that to
his

his Excellence, as a Token of his Respect. He thought from the first that it would cost him something to get out of their Clutches ; but he thought now, after this Present, he should quickly have his liberty : And that thought making him a little more easie, he could not but laugh at the Title of Excellence given to *Dom Henriques*, who was indeed a Gentleman ; but of those Gentlemen, that after having served a long time, in recompence have the Government of some Prison in the *Low-Countries* ; where minding nothing but to scrape together a little Money, they turn Pyrates on the Land, and make Slaves of all that come near them, and all for the security of the Estate. This Gentleman had extraordinary reason for what he did, which was, the smallness of the Pay, both for himself, his Souldiers, and for the repairs of the Works

Works which fell down every day : so that *Dom Henriques* looked upon the Imprisonment of *Villeneuve* as an extraordinary good Fortune, and resolved to use it accordingly.

Our Prisoner was much surprized, when the Officer came back, and told him, his Excellence had accepted the Watch ; that he was going to *Brussels* , and promised him on the word of a Gentleman, he would do what he could in his behalf with the Council of State. *How*, said *Villeneuve*, almost mad, *with the Council of State ! what a business you Spaniards make of nothing ? You French-men* , said the Officer very gravely , taking him by the hand, *are too hasty, and you ought to render thanks to his Excellence, for the care he takes of you : For I had not yet told you, Seignior*, continued he, smiling so much as shewed his nasty teeth, *that his Excellence has given Order to have*
you

you removed to a better Chamber, and be permitted the use of the Castle to walk in. I have seen a great many Prisoners of State in my time, but I never saw any have so much favour shewn them at first, as you. Whiles the Officer was talking on this manner, *Villeneuve* walked up and down the Room, stamping with his feet, looking up to Heaven, and raving like a man out of his Wits; so that he only heard the last words the Officer said, to whom he answered with a wild look, *You have a mind to make me mad with your favours, and your Excellencies, that are as ridiculous one as the other.* Zounds, said he, quite distracted, thinking to lay his hand on his Sword, forgetting they had took it from him, because it had a Silver Handle. The thought that he was disarmed, and a Prisoner, softned him a little; he turn'd away from the Officer without

out speaking a word, and went to the Window in such a horrible melancholly, that he eat nothing all day. At night they carried him into another Chamber, a little neater, that joyned to *Dom Henriques* Apartment: But that Accommodation did him no good; he could think of nothing but *Josebeth*; and when he considered, that she might have an ill opinion of his stay, he had not patience to endure that thought, and he had rather have died, than have lain under her suspicions; for he was to have been absent but four days, and now he could see no end of his stay. This made him rail anew against the *Spaniards*, whom he never had much loved; and he came to make particular Curses against *Dom Henriques*. He remembred to have read in the *Spanish History*, that ever since the *Moors* left *Spain*, there stayed behind them a
 Race

Race of *Jews*, that took Baptism that they might injoy their Estates, and Offices; they call them *Mar-ranes*, who for all their Christianity, from Father to Son, keep a hidden zeal for their Religion. *Without doubt*, said he, *this cursed Governour is one of that Race, and having found my business hither, by my Papers which he has seized, he is enraged to find I have been the occasion of Converting a Jew, and is resolved to be revenged on me for the wrong I have done his false Religion.*

But after having given a little vent to his Passion, he began to cast about how he might gain his liberty; at last resolved to ingage the Marquess of *Trechateau*, Grand Marshal of *Lorain*, that was then at *Brussels* with Duke *Charles*. In his youth he had made a friendship with him in the Accademy, and though afterwards their inga-
ging

ging in different Interestshad hindered them from having any Conversation, yet he hoped the Marshal had not quite forgot him. And in that he was not deceived ; for the Marshal was generous, and so well employed the Credit of Duke *Charles*, that he obtained *Villeneuve's* liberty ; 'twas not without leaving something behind him, and the Officer that had took his Sword at first, would needs change Swords with him, that he might, he said, preserve something in memory of so fine a Gentleman. *Villeneuve* was fain to leave his own, which was of value, and had his in change, that had a handle looked like the Circles of a Sphere : 'twas with some difficulty too, that the *Spaniard* parted with it, for it had been kept in his Family ever since the Wars of *Charles* the fifth. *Villeneuve*, that feared some other trick, made all the haste he could to get away, and reckoned it for a good
for

fortune to part with them at so easie a rate. He had been absent from *Amsterdam* ten days; and that long separation that he could not foresee at parting, gave him the greater impatience to see *Josebeth*; and that impatience was increased, when his Man told him *Solomoune* had been two days together to see whether he was come back; and at that very instant the Nurse came in, looking so ill that he could hardly know her: *We are undone*, said she, *and Josebeth is lost*. At these words, her sighs stopt her breath, and her grief so seized her that she could not speak. *Villeneuve*, more struck with that News than if it had been a Thunderbolt, as soon as she was come to her self, begg'd her to speak plainer. *Oh*, said she, *Josebeth, our dear Mistress Josebeth, is now in the Power of the Rabbins, and they will certainly take away her life.*

‘But

' But what is the matter, said Ville-
 ' neuse, what has she done, for Gods
 ' sake tell me what it is? You must
 know then, said Solomoune, crying,
 and wiping her Eyes, that Wan-
 bergue, as false as Joab, or, as you
 Christians say, as false as Judas,
 took a fancy three days ago, to rise
 out of his own Bed very early in the
 morning, to go to Josebeth, contrary
 to his custome, with a pretence of
 kindness and love, but in truth for
 a worse end. She, poor Creature,
 that was tired with your absence,
 and found her only comfort in hav-
 ing before her Eyes the tokens of
 your friendship, had on, by ill fortune,
 the Smock where you had writ your
 Verses; for it was far enough from
 her thoughts, that her Husband, that
 had passed six Months without ever
 troubling her with his Caresses, should
 that night have a fancy to play the
 Gallant: So that Brute, leaping in-
 to Bed, and flinging off the Cloaths,
 H saw

saw something writ upon her Smock, he would have drawn the Curtains to see what 'twas; but she hinder'd him, which was the worst of all: for Wanbergue, guessing by her resistance that there was something of importance to be discovered, would needs see it, and was so angry, that he was like to beat her for going to conceal it. After having tired her with struggling, he did not only read your Verses, but pulled the Smock off her back, and carried it immediately to Manassas, to consult what was fit to be done. You may guess, if that cursed Rabbin was not overjoyed to have in his hands an opportunity to be revenged on Josebeth. Yesterday he called an Assembly of the chief of the Synagogue; but all their Counsels are kept so secret, that 'tis impossible to know what was done there; only thus much, that Josebeth must appear before them again this Afternoon. They are Devils, said

said the Nurse, *without Conscience,*
and *Honour,* and you shall see that
they will put her to death: and then
she fell into so cruel a passion, that
they thought it would kill her.

All that the Nurse had said was
very true; and the Jews took an
extraordinary care to conceal the
business, that it might not be Town-
talk, for never was there such an
occasion for railery; and that hap-
pen'd by the malice of *Manassas,*
who being resolved to ruin *Joset-
beth,* brought out her Smock into
the middle of the Synagogue, in
the presence of all the Doctors
and Levites, who were to read the
Verses: One of them held up the
Smock, and read the Verses a-
loud.

Afterwards they gave the Smock
about from one to another, very
gravely to be looked on. The Old-
est of them could scarce keep in
his laughter; and when it came

mong them, says the Nurse, who
 does not hate Josebeth, as the others
 do, and he will give me notice, I
 hope, as soon as he can. But were it
 not better for me to go immediately
 to the Magistrate, and make com-
 plaint,--said Villeneuve. No, by no
 means, said Solomoune, for 'tis Jo-
 sebeths advantage, that
 never convince her of
 or lay any Man to
 this way you would
 give the Rabbins
 triumph. Oh God,
 ses on the Smock,
 suspicions enough:
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 wit enough to take
 true, the Verses made t
 lieve there were some secret
 lantry, and therefore they feared
 that some Party might be made
 to take Josebeth out of their hands.
 wanbergue cover'd the hate he had
 for his Wife, under the great re-
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spect he was bound to bear the
 Law, and hoped by that means,
 either her Death, or a Divorce,
 would give him liberty to make a
 new choice. He deceived himself
 for all that in his hopes, for *Abigal*
 had not so much desire to marry
 him, as she had, and cared for no
 other ingagement with him, but
 of a great Friendship. 'Twas
 to guess at the cause of
 constancy, which was the
 misfortune of *Josebeth*;
 that *Abigal* bore to
 the Reputation and Beauty of *Jo-*
sebeth made her chiefly solicitous
 to win her of her Husbands heart;
 now that she saw her hum-
 iled, she ceased to be her Rival;
 her vanity being satisfied with her
 Enemies fall: But the malice of
Manassas, and the other *Rabbins*,
 was not so easily satisfied, for they
 looked on her as a person that had
 never respected them as they desi-

to *Rabbin Recubith*, who was very Ancient, *I was never heard of before*, said he, *that such a shame fell upon a Daughter of Israel.* Every one said something, and it was pleasant enough to see forty grave Doctors in their Gowns, all peering upon a Smock, with as great Solemnity, as the people did at Rome, when the Vest of *Julius Caesar* was exposed to their view by *Anthony*. Their resolution was to have *Josebeth* come before them the next Afternoon, which was the day that *Villeneuve* came to Town. He was mad to think he had occasioned such a misfortune to his Mistress, he cursed *wanbergue* and *Manassas* above all the rest, and swore solemnly to make them pay dearly for it, if any thing happened to *Josebeth*. But, said he to the Nurse, *is there no way to speak with Josebeth?* *Alas*, said she, *I know not where 'tis they keep her,*

her, nor can tell where 'tis she is to appear this Afternoon, which they keep secret, for fear they should be disturbed in their judgment. I have heard, says Villeneuve, that the Jews have no power of Judicature among the Christians, nor power to put any one to death: That's true, said she, but yet they are suffered the liberty of exercising a great many of their Ceremonies, and some of their Ceremonies cannot be performed without passing judgment; and I understand this now in hand, is of that kind: And so under pretence that the Customs of our Law must be fulfilled, the Sentence of the Rab- bins must be executed; and if they go farther than they ought, they will come off for a good sum of Money: In the mean time, a good Fine does not bring back the dead. You are in the right, said Villeneuve, therefore let us try all ways to prevent those Butchers. I have a Friend a-

mong them, says the Nurse, who does not hate Josebeth, as the others do, and he will give me notice, I hope, as soon as he can. But were it not better for me to go immediately to the Magistrate, and make complaint,--said Villeneuve. No, by no means, said Solomoune, for 'tis Josebeths advantage, that they can never convince her of any Intrigue, or lay any Man to her Charge, and this way you would discover all, and give the Rabbins a just occasion to triumph. Oh God, said he, the Verses on the Smock, do they not give suspicions enough: They are but suspicions, said the Nurse, and she has wit enough to take them off. 'Tis true, the Verses made the Jews believe there were some secret Gallantry, and therefore they feared that some Party might be made to take Josebeth out of their hands. *Wanbergue* cover'd the hate he had for his Wife, under the great respect

spect he was bound to bear the Law, and hoped by that means, either her Death, or a Divorce, would give him liberty to make a new choice. He deceived himself for all that in his hopes, for *Abigal* had not so much desire to marry him, as she had, and cared for no other ingagement with him, but that of a great Friendship. 'Twas difficult to guess at the cause of his Inconstancy, which was the present misfortune of *Josebeth*; for the Envy that *Abigal* bore to the Reputation and Beauty of *Josebeth*, made her chiefly solicitous to rob her of her Husbands heart; and now that she saw her humbled, she ceased to be her Rival; her vanity being satisfied with her Enemies fall: But the malice of *Manassas*, and the other *Rabbins*, was not so easily satisfied, for they looked on her as a person that had never respected them as they desi-

red, and therefore resolved to make use of this occasion to ruine her, who was like to have a contempt for them as long as she lived. However, to make a shew of Religion and Justice, they had locked up *Josebeth* in a place which the Magistrates had given them leave to assemble in: 'twas a kind of great Warehouse, that held a great deal of their Goods, where they used also sometimes to meet about their Affairs: There are some Chambers there, where they use to punish the offenders of their Law with great secrecie, that they may not give occasion of scandal to the Christians. Here 'twas they met to consult about *Josebeth*, whom they sent for from the Chamber where they had kept her. She came in to them with a serene Air, and an assured Countenance, behaving her self with the courage belonging to Innocence.

They

They shewed her her Smock, and asked her what those Verses meant, and who 'twas made them, and why she would not let her Husband see them ? She called upon *Wanbergue*, who was there, to witness to the truth of what she was going to say ; and then answered them very calmly, that the coldness of her Husband, and the little enjoyment she had had of his Company, made her seek diversion in reading of Romances, which served to fill her fancy ; and having some of those kind of Adventures in her head, she had writ those Verses that were proper enough to amuse a Person of her Age. That she had made those Verses only to please her self, having as much Poetry as that came to : And she had done what she could to keep her Husband from reading them, that he might not jeer her about them, as he used to do.

do. She confirmed her Innocence by the retired life she had always led, and dar'd them all to name the Man with whom they could reproach her. *where is my Gallant, said she, what is his name, where does he live, that I may see him, and then I will ask no favour? But if there be no such thing, then let justice be done me on those that take occasion from a foolish and harmless fancy, to accuse me of falseness and treachery. we do not condemn you for any thing,* said Manassas, who was President in that Assembly, *but you ought not to be angry, if being in doubt, we follow the prescriptions of the Law in such occasions.* Rabbin, said she, *you know best, if Josebeth be a person of Virtue or no.* He feared some such answer, and therefore was gone about to take the Voices, which all agreed, that Josebeth should take the Waters of Jealousie. When they

they had pronounced that Sentence, she sat down quietly to see the Execution; which according to their present Custom was on this manner: If any man was jealous of his Wife, he was to come before the Priests, to tell them the reasons of his jealousy; and if they were judged sufficient, he was suffer'd to try the virtue of his Wife in the presence of the chief of their Nation; the way was this, a Priest wrote upon a piece of Parchment these words, *Let the woman who has been false to her Husband perish*; and when the Woman had consented to the Curse, they shaved off from the Parchment these written words, and gave her the shavings to drink in a Glass of Water, with so wonderful a success, that if the Woman was innocent, that Drink only increased her Beauty; but if she were guilty, as soon as she had drank

drank the Water, she felt most horrible pains all over her Body, her Belly and her Thighs swelled, and so she dyed in a dismal manner.

Thus it was when anciently this Law flourished in *Judea*; but since that Law has been abolished by the Maker of it, all those Wonders cease, and there remains nothing but a Curse on that unhappy People.

Manassas knew very well that alteration; for the Rabbins of *Milan* and *Lisbon*, confess that the Waters of Jealousie have lost their virtue. They do indeed attribute this loss, to the Dispersion of their Nation, and not to the Abolition of their Worship; imagining that if they were again established in *Judea*, that mysterious Water would have the same effect now that it had formerly. But they do own, that in all places else those Waters do not work as formerly.

Not

Notwithstanding *Manassas*, who was resolved to make those Waters serve his design, maintained their virtue, and backed his opinion with a many reasonings, and Examples, which made all the other Rabbins join with him in the same judgment. The Water then was made ready ; and when that devilish Monster had took the Glass, to say over it certain Prayers ; during which, the other Rabbins held their Eyes fixed on the Ground, he put into it a little Powder, which one could not discern from the shavings of Parchment and Ink, that were in the Glass, and thickened the Water.

As soon as the Prayers, and all the Ceremony was over, they let *Josebeth* come in : The indignation she had to see her self reduced to that extremity, brought a red into her Cheeks, that so raised her beauty, that those wretched Doctors.

Etors could do nothing but look on
 her. *Manaffas*, with a counterfeited
 compassion, exhorted her not to ex-
 pose her self to a certain danger, if
 she knew her self guilty; but ra-
 ther to gain the favour of God and
 Men, by a sincere Repentance.
 That impudence of *Manaffas* took
 away *Josebeths* patience; Give
 me, Hypocrite, said she, give me
 the Glass; this proof of my honour
 is more agreeable to me than that o-
 ther you lately put me to. And at
 that instant they heard a terrible
 cry at the Door. However, she
 went on, holding the Glass in her
 hand; Then you all agree, said she,
 that this Drink will make the *Adul-*
terers dye, but that it hurts nobody
 else. To which they having all
 assented, by a nod of their head;
 she asked for another Glass; and
 having poured the Water out of
 one into the other, several times,
 that it might the better mix; she
 put

put half of it into one Glass, and half into another, and presented them both to *Manassas*: Seeing this water, said she, *harts none but the Adulteress, pray let us drink it together, and take which Glass you please.* 'That which you desire, said *Manassas*, very gravely, 'would alter the order of the Ceremony, and that we can by no means consent to; for we must not pass our set bounds. *You can*, said *Josebeth*, *more easily pass a Balustrade of Iron, than any Ceremony of your Law.* At these words the Rabbins looked strangely at one another; and *Manassas*, to divert them, rose up again to take their Voices upon this new Matter; when the cry was so violent at the Door that one of them went to see what was the matter, and finding it was only a Woman, that said she had something of great consequence to tell them, he let her in.

in. *Josebeth* quickly perceived it was *Solomonne*, with a Velvet Coat in her Lap, which so surprised *Manassas*, that he was ready to fall down dead, not being able to speak one word. *Solomonne* made use of his confusion to beg leave of the Rabbins to speak, who seeing an extraordinary concern in her Face, bid her declare her business. She threw down the Velvet Coat before them, to be examined like *Josebeth's* Smock, and then told them all the Adventure of *Manassas* the rainy night, with his passing the Balustrade, and leaving that Coat behind him, with so many Circumstances, and such an Air of truth, as was not to be resisted: However, those Rabbins would not seem to credit her, not to bring a dishonour on their Religion; but yet *Josebeth* had so much cause to suspect the effects of *Manassa's* hatred, that they agreed he should

should drink the half of the Water. While they were on this deliberation, *Manassas* retired, under pretence of praying, but indeed to consider with himself what he was to do: At last he resolved rather to hazard the loss of his Life, than his Reputation; and having taken a Cordial he always used to carry about him, he came to them, saying, it was fit to use all sort of Complaisance: 'You may
 'see, said he further, turning to
 ' *Josebeth*, by my condescension,
 ' how little I have deserved the ac-
 ' cusation you have brought against
 ' me. Instead of Answer, she took both the Glasses, and gave them to *Manassas* to chuse which he pleased: He took off one, invoking even then, the God of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. And afterwards *Josebeth* drank off the other, and lifting her Glass up, as an Offering to Heaven, cryed out, *Let the in-*
nocent

innocent be saved, and the guilty perish; and so drank off the Water, which she really believed was a Portion of Death. And she was not deceived, though she had no other ground for her suspicion, than the hatred she knew *Manassas* bore her, and that was enough, for there is no rage so great, as that of Love contemned.

And now that wicked Man, who ever since the affront he received at the Balustrade of Iron, had been seeking an occasion to be revenged, thought he had at last found one for his purpose; for as soon as ever *Wanbergue* had brought the business before him, he imagin'd the Waters of Jealousie would serve to execute his malice, both effectually, and secretly: And he had an extraordinary satisfaction, to think that *Josebeth* should receive her death from his hand, for he then resolved to poyson the Water he should

should give her to drink: It had been difficult for another to have had a Poyson that would not have shewed it self, by changing the colour and taste of the Water; but he knew too well that Nation, that is famous for the secrets of Poyson, to want one at his need. He wished only that *Solomoune* could have been obliged to pledge her Mistress, that so he might not have left in the World a Witness able to reproach him for his looseness.

Josebeth had so much reason to fear this practice, that she used the more vehemence to obtain the order from the Rabbins that he might drink it with her, that so she might draw that Hypocrite into the same Snare he had laid for her. Her Wit ended not there; for seeing that *Manassas*, after having drunk the Water, dismissed the Assembly, she imagin'd it was chiefly for himself, that he might in
time

time go and take some powerful Antidote, and therefore did all she could to detain the Company. 'Tis very fit, said she, *that I should stay some time here before you, that you may judge of my Innocence by the effects of your water. That fearful water, said Manassas, does not always work presently, and sometimes its Operation is suspended by the Divine Goodness, that would give time for the Sinner to repent. I have heard though, said Josebeth, out of your Books, that as soon as the guilty woman had taken it down, it immediately made her Countenance change, and her body swell. While she was discoursing in this manner, they heard a terrible knocking at the door, and a mighty cry to open it. At this noise they all turned their eyes towards Josebeth, believing that noise was made for her sake, and they began to fear the effects. You look pale, said she, is*
this

this your zeal for Zion, for which you so often protest that you would lay down your lives? But above all others, *Manassas* fear increased, knowing in his own Conscience, the Merit of his Actions. The Rabbⁿ *Eliezer*, who was one of *Salomons* Friends, had given her advice, that they intended to condemn *Josebeth* to drink the Waters of jealousy, and that the Sentence would be immediately executed; which made the faithful Nurse immediately run to some Christian Ladies, who knew *Josebeth*, begging them to implore the assistance of the Magistrate, and do what they could to save so fine a Woman; and having given advice of what passed to *Villeneuve*, she ran her self to the Council of the Jews, endeavouring by accusing *Manassas*, to gain time for her Mistress's deliverance: And it was the Officers, those Christian Ladies

dies had sent, who with a crowd of people were at the door, which sufficiently frightened the Jews, who had reason to believe *Josebeth* would not save them from the fury of the people. In this apprehension, the *Rabbins* came to her, and besought her to have pity on them. Those submissions which she knew were extorted only by fear, did not work much upon her, and she was not resolved what to do: On one side she saw the Justice of punishing such Rascals, and on the other the glory of pardoning those whom she had the power to destroy.

In the mean time, the noise without increased, and seeing they did not open the door, a young Seaman that was more zealous than all the rest, cryed, *Break down the Doors*; which was executed in a moment. That was no sooner done, but the furious people broke
in

in with a horrible disorder, and in the Head of them that young Seaman, that was *Villeneuve* disguised in that manner, to conceal the concern of his Love. He had a great Hatchet in his hand, ready to cut the *Rabbins* to pieces, if they had done any harm to *Joseph*. She that knew him immediately through his disguise, figh-
 ed for joy, when she saw him; and hearing the people cry out with a furious tone, *where are these Jews that would murder a Christian*, she ran to the door of the Chamber where the *Rabbins* were, and holding her Arms across it, that no body might go by her, *Christians*, said she, *that will be my Brethren very quickly, for Gods sake forgive these poor wretches; and being you are come hither for my sake, content your selves to see me triumph over them.* The admiration they had of so much goodness, stopt their

their fury ; and they that just before breathed nothing but threats and ruine to the *Jews*, sent up nothing to Heaven but praises of *Josebeth*. But those acclamations were redoubled, when after having beckned to them with her hand, that she might be heard, said aloud to her Husband, whom she saw in the Crowd, *Men here Wanbergue, I here declare to you in the presence of all these good People, that I renounce the Jewish Religion, and am resolved to turn Christian ; therefore consider what you will do : for if you persevere in your own Doctrine, I pretend, according to the Law, to have the Marriage dissolved betwixt us.* The *Hollander* half frightened out of his wits, said, that she should suddenly know his mind ; and so got out of the Crowd as fast as he could, for fear the People should do him a mischief.

Josebeth ought not to have made
that

that Declaration any where, but before the Magistrates; but she made so much the more haste, to oblige *Villeneuve*, whom she had before her Eyes: and in truth it was the only way to make amends for his sufferings the eight days past. But his joy did not so take him up, as to make him neglect his business; for seeing *vanbergue* go out, fearing it might be to do something against the Interest of *Josebeth*, he went out too; but just at the Door, met the *Sindike* of the Town, with orders from the Magistrate to take *Josebeth* into their protection: And as he was speaking, the chief Women of *Amsterdam* came also; they looked upon *Josebeth* as one of the chiefest Ornaments of their Sex, and disputed who should have the pleasure to entertain her: But at last *Madam de Gene* got the Victory, and carried *Josebeth*

I

sebeth in triumph to her House.

The joy this strange change caused was not general ; for while the Christians sung Victory, and ran from all parts to see *Josebeth* : The *Jews* bewailed that day, as one of the most unfortunate they had seen of a great while. *Josebeth* was not the only cause of their sorrow ; for it was increased by another loss very considerable ; and that was the death of *Manassas* , whom they looked on as a Pillar of their Church , and the glory of their Nation. He was taken with an ill fainting twice in their Meeting-Chamber, and they had got him to life again ; and believing it was only occasioned by the fright he was in for himself and the other Rabbins, they thought his sickness was nothing. But when the Clamour was over, and the Rabble gone ; the Rabbins went
to

to his Chair, where they thought he was asleep, and found him dead: one cannot imagine the Lamentations they made. And their affection for him was so blind, that instead of thinking his death proceeded from a Natural cause, they attributed it to his zeal for Religion, and the trouble he had for the affront it had suffered by *Josebeth*.

'Tis true, his death proceeded not from a Natural cause; and 'twas his zeal, but not for Religion, that had caused it; for it was the Poyson that he had prepared with so much warmth to give *Josebeth*, that had killed him for all his Cordial: For when he first resolved to destroy *Josebeth* by the Waters of Jealousie, he did so little think of sharing the danger with her, that he had provided no preservative for himself:

So that seeing himself ingaged in honour to make the tryal with her, he made use of the time he pretended to spend in Prayer, to take down an excellent Cordial he always carried about him, but it was no perfect Antidote against the power of Poyson; however he thought that might secure him. But it fell out otherwise; for whether it were, that the Cordial was not of a quality to resist that Poyson, or that his Age had not the force to bear the Conflict, or that his fear kept the Cordial from working; 'tis evident that cursed Hypocrite gave himself that deadly blow that he intended for another, and ended his days more quietly, and with less pain than he deserved.

And upon quite different accounts, *Josebeth* that took the same water, had a different destiny:

ny : For, having taken a just jealousy, by that part of *Wanbergue's* Letter where he mentioned all designs of obtaining *Abigal*, that she was in danger to be poysoned, she had used her self every morning to take a wonderful Antidote : So that Youth being fortified by so excellent a Remedy, easily overcame the Venom of the Poyson.

The joy she had to see her self out of danger by the Rabbins, and the Poyson, was followed by another, every whit as great ; and that was the Declaration of *Wanbergue*, that being resolved never to leave the Law of *Moses*, he permitted her, being she was turned Christian, the liberty to chuse another Husband : And afterward consigned her all her Portion, and her Jewels, with greater honesty than one would have expected.

The impatience he had, to be at liberty too, to follow his inclinations, made him more easie, than otherwise he would have been: and this was a good effect of his love to *Abigal*, that had before produced so many ill ones for *Jesebeth*. For his business was no sooner ended with *Jesebeth*, but he made his pretension openly to *Abigal*, who yet was not much disposed to subject her self eternally to a Man, who before he had her, used her so imperiously as he did. *How*, said she, *he does already find fault with my company, thinks I am too expensive in my Cloaths and House; if he has already so much Confidence, what will he do when he is my Master?* She made these Reflexions, as soon as the misfortune of *Jesebeth* had destroyed her Envy; and all joyned together, made her carry her self very

very coldly to *wanbergue*. But being governed only by her passion, and vanity having the chief sway over her, when she saw *Josebeth* come out of her troubles with Honour and Triumph, she was possessed with her former Envy again; and seeing what Declaration *wanbergue* had made, having her head filled with Emulation, she thought it would be a great advantage to her to marry *wanbergue*, who chose rather to have her for his Wife, than *Josebeth*. To this reason that vanity made, she added others of weight: For the Estate her other Husband left her, could not be taken out of *Amsterdam*, because if she died without Children, it was to be employed for the Publick Good of the *Portugueze* Nation: So that she saw her self confined to *Amsterdam*, without the liberty of pas-

sing her life at *Brussels*, which she so much desired. And to stay a Widow all her life, was against all sense; she wanted a Husband to secure her Reputation, and that free humour which she could by no means constrain; and being to marry, where could she have such a Husband as *Wanbergue*? his Rank and Fortune could much better, than any other, maintain her in that great Splendour that she had always lived in.

All these Reasons overcame the repugnance she had at first to marry *Wanbergue*, and made her accept him for her Husband. This Marriage help'd to console the *Rabbins* for the loss of *Manassas*, and *Josebeth*, as well by the Presents the new married Couple made them, as by the feasting at the Marriage, to which they were all invited.

Villeneuve did not possess *Joseph* so soon ; there being more Ceremony required to fore-run that happiness : to accomplish which, he was by his Friends in the Court of *Brussels*, invited thither, by the Arch-Duke *Leopold*, who then govern'd the *Low-Countries*. That Court was then full of Devotion, in imitation of the Arch-Duke : For that Prince, who was also, according to the Custom in *Germany*, Commendatory Bishop of *Passau*, had interwoven with Secular Splendour a mixture of Piety. He himself wore a little Band, and plain Cuffs, and said every day his Office with Father *Chiflet*, who had care of his House as well as his Soul. This strictness passed through all the House, the very Pages being as exact to say their Prayer, as to do their other Exercises.

cises. All about the Palace was written good Sentences, to put the Courtiers in mind of their duty: And it was pleasant enough to see his Officers and Courtiers joyn together, with Books in their hands, making at least as if they said their Prayers: and this shew of Devotion was absolutely necessary for any man that meant to make his Fortune; and by the neglect of it, the Count *Salazar*, that had more Wit than Cunning or Devotion, had like several times to lose his favour. One day, as he was coming into the Palace, he cry'd to the Guard at the door, *Deo Gratias*, which is usually said to the Porter of a Convent: and being in the Privy Chamber another time, where there was a Gentleman who was to raise a Troop of Horse: *Sir*, said the Count, *without doubt you will*

will have your Commission, if you are but well versed in the Divine Service.

The Arch-Duke had chid him for it several times, but he could not hold for his life; and finding a Colonel that was turning over his Prayer-book, he ask'd him what is Trump to day? instead of asking what was the Office of the day; which so incensed the good Prince, that he forbid *Salazar* the Court.

This pleased the *Spaniards* very well; but the *Flemmings*, who are the better Christians, cared not for so much shew and Ceremony. But this being the Face of the Court, made it the properest place for *Josebeth* to own her Conversion in. The Arch-Duke himself desired to be her Godfather, which made all the Court talk of nothing but the
Divine

Divine Grace; nay, at last they attributed her Conversion to the Piety and Prayers of the Arch-Duke.

The Arch-Bishop took care to have her instructed in the Principles of Religion; but there happened a dispute betwixt him, and Seignior *Rosetti*, his Holiness Internunce, that then resided at *Brussels*; for he pretended, as representing the Pope, to whom only it belong'd to open the Doors of the Church, that *Josebeth* ought not to be Baptized, till she had appeared before him. To please all Sides, the Arch-Bishop, who had as much Civility as Knowledge and Piety, gave order that *Josebeth* should wait on the Internunce some days before her Baptism.

At last, when the day for the Solemnity was come, they set up

a Tribunal for the Arch-Bishop without the Porch of the Church; and when he was set upon it, in his Pontifical Habits, *Josebeth* was brought out of a House hard by, to go to him. She was dressed all in White, and a Gare on her Head of the same colour. The Count of *Swartzembourg*, High-Chamberlain to the Arch-Duke, led her by one hand, and the Countess of *Bassu*, called by some, Dutchess of *Guise*, by the other. She appeared so lovely, that the Ladies of *Brussels* began to be alarmed with her Beauty; but her Countenance eased them again, for there appeared so much discretion and modesty, that they hoped she would not go about to take away any of their Subjects. She kneeled before the Prelate, and having answered several Questions he put to her, the Arch-Bishop

shop of *Malines* lead her into the Church, which till then had the Door shut. Then she was overjoyed to see her self admitted there, and was perfectly satisfied, when she saw the Arch-Duke ready to do her such an honour, who named her at the Font, for himself and Madam de Bossu, *Maria Leopoldina*. *Solomonne* was Baptised at the same time, and *Villeneuve* would needs be Godfather.

This Ceremony being over, *Villeneuve*, who foresaw that *Josebeth's* beauty would quickly bring him a great many Rivals, begg'd leave of *Josebeth*, and the Arch-Duke, that the Arch-Bishop of *Malines* might finish his Felicity, which was performed with an Universal Joy, all the Court esteeming *Villeneuve* very worthy of so extraordinary a Woman.

He was used with extraordinary
kind-

kindness by the Arch-Duke, but however desired to return into his own Country, bearing with him Marks of the Duke's bounty, and a great Reputation of Virtue. By the means of his Friends, he made Interest enough to obtain a small Government on the Frontiers of *France*, where he tasted all those singular joys that spring from a reciprocal affection.

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